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From Publisher—To You

IT seems to be a much-debated question whether or not a journal like The Outlook is or is not editorially responsible for all the ideas—as expressed in articles by outside authors—printed in its pages.

OBVIOUSLY, for an editor to agree with every idea advanced in his magazine would be impossible (humanity being what it is) unless the editor himself wrote the whole paper; which would automatically exclude all other writers.

PARTICULARLY, in a magazine like The Outlook, where our own opinions are expressed in editorial pages set apart for the purpose, it is a sine qua non that we should print articles with which we do not wholly agree or even with which we disagree. There would otherwise be no magazine—certainly, not in the sense that The Outlook is one: a journal of inquiry, and not of partisanship, whether political, religious, or social.

WE do not mean by this that the decision to print articles is not distinctly the responsibility of the editors. It is. And in this sense any article appearing in The Outlook is stamped by its editors as containing ideas worth reading and thinking about—even if we do not happen to see eye to eye with their sponsor.

THIS responsibility attaches to the whole paper—even to those books discussed, musical events reported, and plays criticised. To see a discussion of anything in The Outlook is presumptive proof that it is at least worth consideration or criticism. Whereas to find it omitted is usually—although necessarily not always—an indication that it has not attained sufficient importance, in our eyes at least, to merit discussion.

WHILE to some this may seem to lend a preternaturally cheerful aspect to our pages, and thus convict us of a lack of true critical appreciation, the reason is not far to seek. We believe in constructive criticism of things and ideas worth while; and not very much in the value—beyond that of the jester—of purely destructive comment.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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MAMA SWIMMING

Etching by George Renouard

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The Outlook

March 14, 1928

Events of the Week

The Ghostly Campaign Issue

THE chance seems slight that any Presidential candidate in either party may escape a definite commitment on the constantly debated and, of course, easily settled question of prohibition. The Borah questionnaire has left the Republican entries but little choice. Senator Borah merely thought of the pointed inquiry first; it would have been sure to come from some other direction. In reality, it is something of a fad to put Presidential aspirants, as well as others, on the inquisitorial rack with respect to liquor.

Democratic candidates, wherever they may be so inclined, hardly can hope to evade the issue. That seems evident from the case of Senator Reed, of Missouri. About the time he started on his recent speaking tour of the West the militant Missourian was asked bluntly where he stood on prohibition—that is, in a campaign year. The reply was, "The Democrats had bigger fish to fry," which was amplified to the effect that "the big issue of this campaign is"—literally to fry the Republicans? No. The issue "is to drive the boodlers out of office and to return to honest government." Good Democratic doctrine, that. But where does the Senator stand on prohibition? He replies by naming, in addition to honest government, farm relief, taxes, and the tariff. Impressive. But what of the issue about which everybody is talking, in the Senator's own State and adjoining States, as in the rest of the country?

A few days after the Senator's statement about the frying of bigger fish the Missouri Association Against the Prohibition Amendment indicated that it felt troubled. It stated in a message to the Senator that press despatches left his "position on the Eighteenth Amendment not distinctly clear." And would he please answer, categorically, whether he today was for repeal of the Amendment, for modification of the Volstead Act, or whether he indorsed the Amendment? This from a wet organization to a candidate who previously has been lukewarm or antagonistic toward "regulating people's conduct and habits by law."

The aggressive drys, in and around Missouri and elsewhere, are not, have not been, and likely will not be satisfied with the Senator's stand either. They have said so repeatedly. The prohibition issue, like poor Banquo's ghost, will not down, perhaps for him or any other major candidate.

A man's record and previous action may speak louder than any present declaration on the matter; but the declaration, categorical, if you please, seems to be in demand.

Lindbergh Receives the Wilson Award

As popular and deserved an honor as has ever been bestowed was conferred lately by the trustees of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation in giving the Woodrow Wilson medal and the $25,000 Woodrow Wilson Peace Award to Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. The only other individuals who have received this award are Lord Robert Cecil and Elihu Root. Ordinarily, the award is made on Woodrow Wilson's Birthday, December 28; but none was made last year. Since then Colonel Lindbergh has made his flight in Latin America. It was this flight and his flight across the Atlantic which entitled Colonel Lindbergh, in the unanimous judgment of the trustees, to the award because they have "brought a new and better spirit into the relations of the United States with its Latin-American neighbors."

Tay Pay Arrives

ALWAYS picturesque, never more so than in this his eightieth year, T. P. O'Connor, veteran leader of Home Rule for Ireland, editor and writer, is paying this country a visit. Tay Pay, as his Irish initials have dubbed him, impressed the reporters particularly with his grace in taking snuff, and in turn was impressed by the prosperity and content of those who were interviewing him in contrast to the "note of poverty" of the men who met the ships when he made his first visit to the United States in 1881. He refused to talk politics unless it was talking politics to say that he expected to be returned to Parliament by his constituency in Liverpool as long as he lived. He has come for rest.

Tammany Bows to the Boys

FOR several weeks prior to the selection of delegates to the Democratic National Convention the old-timers of Tammany Hall were agitated by rumors that only "high hats" would be sent to Houston. Stories to this effect were being carried almost daily in the newspapers, particularly in Republican journals, and it was said that the Tammany delegation would be second in elegance only to the Board of Governors of the Union League Club. The point was made that the turbulent enthusiasm for Al Smith at the last Democratic gathering had irritated other delegates. Tammany at Houston was to be refined and genteel.

The prominence given to these reports in such Republican organs as the New York "Herald Tribune" gives credence to theories that they were largely in-

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spired. The local G. O. P. knew that such stories would cause anguish among the regulars of Tammany Hall. And it now develops that the Tammany delegation is not, after all, to be limited to members of Social Register caliber. Four Wigwam district leaders have been included.

The list announced by Fourteenth Street discloses, however, that the Manhattan Democrats hope to make an excellent impression upon their Houston hosts. Several New Yorkers of Southern birth have been named, among them Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, of the Virginia Langhornes and sister to Lady Astor. Literature is being represented by Claude G. Bowers, an eminent editorial writer and the biographer of Jefferson and Jackson. Mr. Bowers made the keynote speech at the latest Jackson Day dinner, and greatly impressed Democratic leaders with his oratorical ability.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, who moves in circles foreign to Tammany, will probably be chosen a delegate-at-large and is destined to manage the Smith drive for the nomination. Mayor Walker, who has already won the hearts of the South, will also go as a delegate-at-large. On the whole, probably, the Tammany delegates will differ but little from representatives of other communities. But the die-hard leaders who loved Al Smith and slaved for him in his brown derby days have not been left out. The rumors that high hats alone were to be worn proved baseless.

Is There a Speed Limit?

TREMENDOUS travel speeds attained by racing motor cars in the recent Florida contests make one wonder what are the maximum velocities at which the human organism can travel and survive. At more than one hundred yards a second Lockhart's roaring speed vehicle was within hailing distance of actual cannon-ball velocities of the days of the Civil War. Every time man travels or flies faster than the previous record speed the public wonders what is the limit.

But is there any limit at which our bodies cannot safely move? Practically, yes; theoretically, no. There is nothing detrimental in mere velocity, though there is if one attempts to gain or lose it or to alter its direction at too rapid a rate.

Here is a point which perplexed the best minds for centuries until Galileo, that profound thinker on whose clear reasoning the entire structure of modern mechanical science squarely rests, finally reached the point in his ponderings where it burst in on him that motion, once attained, is just as natural a state of matter as rest—a concept which many may still find it a little difficult to assimilate. When the absolute upper limit of motor-car and airplane velocity consonant with human safety arrives, it will be because of incidental factors such as road surfaces, vehicle strength and power, and the change of direction during motion, but not because there is anything inherently harmful in speed. We all move at many miles a second, yet we seldom stop to think of it.

Plain Speaking from Colonel Stimson

IN his inaugural address as Governor-General of the Philippines Colonel Henry L. Stimson put politics to one side and emphasized the need of the islands for industrial development and general well-being.

"It is not," he said, "within the province of the Governor-General to determine the future relations of the inhabitants of these islands to the United States. That duty rests with the Government of the United States." The duty of the Governor-General is, he said, to make the present connection "a happy and fruitful one," and "to carry on the Government of these islands as far as it rests in his hands in full conformity with the noble, unselfish purpose of the American leaders who in past years have devised, created, and administered it." He pointed out the necessity of industry and commerce as a foundation for individual freedom and the practice of self-government. He noted the change of attitude that had taken place in leaders of industry, and the advantages which the Philippines have now under these circumstances in their connection with the most advanced industrial nation in the world. It ought to be easy for statesmanship, he said, to gain industrial benefits for the Filipinos while leaving their rights and resources unimpaired.

Colonel Stimson's speech apparently made a very favorable impression.

A Scandal in the British Foreign Office

THREE officials of the British Foreign Office have been disciplined for speculating in foreign currency. Inasmuch as foreign policies may easily affect foreign exchange, such conduct is bound to raise suspicions concerning the integrity of the government whose officials are guilty of it. The British do not wash their dirty linen quite so publicly as we do. In this case the matter was first revealed in a suit at law by a certain firm of bankers against a woman over speculation in francs. In that suit there was evidence that these members of the Foreign Office had been involved in speculation in the currency of a friendly country. As a consequence, J. D. Gregory, Assistant Under-Secretary of State, has been dismissed from the service; O. St. C. O'Malley, another official, has been permitted to resign; and Lieutenant-Commander Maxse has been reprimanded and has forfeited three years' seniority. It has been alleged that Mr. Gregory, in order to retrieve his losses, desired to discredit the Labor Government, then in power, by publishing the famous Zinoviev letter; but this part of the charge is denied in the report of the Board of Inquiry. Belief in Great Britain without regard to party is general that, in spite of the findings, the British Civil Service is incorruptible.

Walter Camp's Successor

YALE, after two or three years of discussion, pro and con, of the merits of Tad Jones, its famous football coach, finds itself facing the new season with Tad very much in power as chairman of the new Football Committee, and with a new head coach in Marvin Stevens, who not only played, but has had all of his coaching experience, under Jones.

Jones drew the fire of those who believed that in order to teach winning football you had to be a rather rough customer. He taught his boys something besides the methods with which to win, and was unjustly branded as a holier-than-thou sort of person. He finally resigned, but his last season was so successful that criticism of him was rendered futile.

In his new post Jones becomes the successor to the late Walter Camp, and ought to go down in Yale history as one of the biggest figures of the University's undergraduate life.

Another Allied War Chief Passes

WHEN Field Marshal Haig, of England, died recently, Marshal Armando Diaz, of Italy, said: "Well, he is the first of us to go. Who will be the next?" On February 29 Diaz died in Rome of influenza which developed into bronchial pneumonia. The next day King Victor Emmanuel and Premier Mussolini led thousands of mourners in procession past his bier.

Italy owes to Diaz a final victory, won from defeat, which made possible the re-

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Cartoons of the Week

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune

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Just as we feared

From Miss Belle Fowler, Newark, N. J.

From the Des Moines Register

Nothing like a high hat to invite snowballs

From Mrs. G. C. Dalton, Atlantic, Iowa

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune

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Burning the candle at both ends

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Shoemaker in the Chicago News

THE IDEA BEING NOT TO FALL OFF ONE SIDE OR THE OTHER
AL SMITH
MASON AND DIXON LINE
PRESIDENCY
NORTHERN DEM. PRINCIPLES
SOUTHERN DEM. PRINCIPLES

In again, out again, gone again

From Rudy Senger, Goshen, Ind.

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unification of Italian territory of which Italians had dreamed. He took command of the armies after the defeat of Caporetto in the autumn of 1917, when Italy lost 700 guns and 200,000 men. He held the advancing Austrian army in a deadlock on the whole front, saved Venice, and in June, 1918, was ready to launch a counter-offensive. For four months he drove his enemy back in a series of attacks, and finally in October —a year after Caporetto—thrust a wedge through the opposing forces, routed them entirely, captured several hundred thousand men, and forced Austria to ask for an armistice on November 3 and the next day to sign a separate peace.

After the war he continued as Commander-in-Chief, and when the Fascisti came into power in 1922 he accepted the Ministry of War in Mussolini's Cabinet. He resigned in 1924, when he became a Marshal.

In a very real sense, Diaz was the man who gave Mussolini, once an obscure soldier in the Italian army, his chance to write the Fascist chapter of Italian history.

Science is Skeptical

By the time this reaches the reader he may already know the fate of the new "fuelless motor" invented by Lester J. Hendershot, which has been the subject of daily newspaper excitement for several days. It is alleged that the motor takes its energy either from the earth's magnetic field or from atmospheric electricity. If the one, it must concentrate the energy of immense areas, for the earth's magnetic field is very weak; if the other, it must do so despite the fact that the entire electric current flowing between the earth and its atmosphere and which is constantly maintaining the earth's electric charge is extremely low.

Scientists have long known that this air-conducted current flows continually and that its rate is highest when the weather is fair. For every yard we rise above the earth this electric charge increases by about 100 volts in fine weather, the voltage being highest at about nine in the morning and nine at night. The total resultant current that flows is large—1,500 amperes—but it is distributed over the whole earth. Some think Mr. Hendershot has found a way to localize a large part of that widely distributed energy; but most scientists incline to the belief that there is a mistake in the calculations—at least the operation of the fuelless motor on this principle would constitute a rather drastic reversal of ascertained physical fact. As it is as easy to predict as it is to pooh-pooh, the editors cannot state at the time of writing whether Mr. Hendershot's motor will "revolutionize industry" or not. But they harbor legitimate private opinions.

A German Who Opposed the War

The German statesman who probably tried harder than any other to stave off the World War died on February 27 in Czechoslovakia on his estate in what was once part of Austrian Silesia. He was Prince Karl Max von Lichnowsky, Ambassador from Germany to Great Britain in 1914.

Lichnowsky believed in an understanding between Great Britain and Germany, and he owed his appointment to this fact and to the friendship of Chancellor Bethmann Hollweg. But his desire to avoid enmity between the two countries evidently did not blind him to the fact that Great Britain could not remain neutral in the conflict between France and Germany. He telegraphed warnings to this effect, which the Kaiser apparently ignored. And in a secret memorandum, which after the war became the basis of a book that caused a fierce political storm in Germany, he blamed his own Government for the war and said that the British Foreign Secretary had done everything he could to avert it. Publication of the memorandum led to his expulsion from the Prussian House of Lords.

His career gave evidence that it is often a disadvantage for a patriotic public servant in an autocracy to be clear-sighted and honest.

The Big Trees

Because men are greedy and politicians are otherwise occupied the big trees of the Yosemite in California are again in peril. At the present time nearly 11,000 acres of private land are located within the boundaries of the park and are owned by lumber companies. Sooner or later, unless Congress or philanthropic Americans take action, logging operations will begin, and then two or three groves of the finest giant sugar-pines will vanish. These trees are second only to the King Sequoia. Destroyed, it will take centuries to replace them.

Stephen T. Mather, Director of the National Park Service, appears to be apprehensive that nothing can be done to halt the desecration. Repeated efforts to arouse the public have failed, he has said. But this is probably because the public, even that portion of it which has visited the Yosemite, has little knowledge of what is likely to occur. Logging has been going on within the park area for some time, but the crafty lumber companies have invariably left a strip of trees along the highways. They have had a legal right to cut as much as they please, for they own the land.

Lumber prices are now somewhat low, and it is probable that further cutting will not take place this year. Unless Congress acts, however, twenty square miles of the Yosemite must shortly be turned over by the National Forest Service to the interests which now hold title. This must be done if other areas in the park, also privately owned, are to be saved. The value of the lumber is placed at only $168,000, and it is thought that if Congress will appropriate this sum the trees can be saved.

Senders Forth of Tempests

The New York "World" has dug up a forgotten book which bids fair to arouse an endless amount of controversy. The book is an account of the last days of Mary Baker Eddy, written by a close associate of hers, Mr. Adam H. Dickey The book, as edited by his wife, was published after Mr. Dickey's death. A few hundred copies were printed, and then the whole edition was withdrawn or suppressed—the whole edition, that is, except two copies which were filed under the copyright law in the Congressional Library at Washington.

Judge Clifford P. Smith, Chairman of the Committee on Publication and spokesman for the Mother Church, has been interviewed by the "World," and has declared that he believed the work of editing "had been honestly done and with every intention of being faithful to the original." He said, however, that the whole effect was distorted and unjust to Mrs. Eddy and that he personally saw to the suppression of the document, and that "it was dangerous because it might be seized upon by the enemies of Christian Science." Extracts from the book published in the "World" make interesting reading to students of religious beliefs. Here, for instance, is one significant passage:

> One thing in particular our leader requested her workers to care for was the weather, and this was done in addition to the work of a committee in Boston appointed for that special purpose. During some severe New England winters our leader would instruct her workers they must put a stop to the snow which she looked upon as a manifestation of error. She had an

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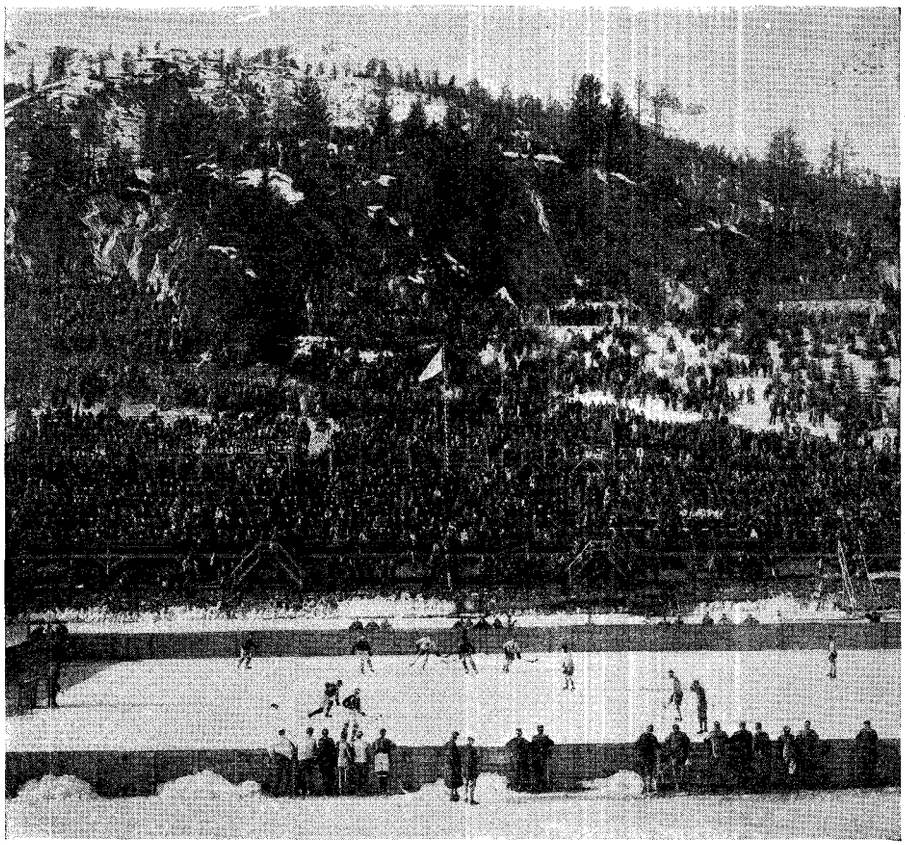
Springfield, Missouri



Wide World

WHERE CANADA PROVED HER HOCKEY SUPERIORITY

The Olympic Rink at St. Moritz, Switzerland, during the final hockey match between Canada and Switzerland, which was won by the Maple Leaf Players

aversion to an excessive fall of snow. She considered it an agent of destruction and an interference with the normal trend of business.

Of course there's nothing new about this. *Inmissores tempestatum* were recognized as real by the Frankish bishops assembled at Worms just eleven hundred and ninety-nine years ago, and they still seem to be real enough to get into the headlines at the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century.

A City Becomes Sane

CINCINNATI has just had what is called a "research survey." If a man were to make a study of his economic circumstances to see whether he was obtaining supplies efficiently or wastefully, no one would think it remarkable. Cincinnati has been doing much the same thing; she is making a study of the natural resources of the region around her in order to determine what kind of industrial expansion would be most suitable.

Specifically, it is not the city of Cincinnati but its Commercial Club and University which have done this work. A report has now been published through the University of Cincinnati—that notable institution in which students work in local industries and go to school by turns. The report shows that the city has been engaged in a peculiar kind of industrial planning. The research is a sort of method by which a manufacturing community becomes industrially conscious and learns to regard itself with insight.

Now one of the criteria of insanity in the individual is that he fails to show insight into his own condition. May we infer from this that a community which succeeds in gaining insight into its own economic condition is sane? And may we hint that some other communities might create a stronger impression of possessing insight were they to conduct a research survey as Cincinnati has done? At any rate, the report makes good reading.

How Trotsky Started for Siberia

A LETTER received in this country by Max Eastman, biographer of Leon Trotsky, tells how the man who once shared with Lenine the rule of Bolshevist Russia began his journey to that land of exile made famous by the Czars. Because of an unexpected change in the date of his departure, Trotsky was not ready when the police he once commanded came to his home. His effects were not packed, and he did not intend to go until the next day.

"The police agents threatened to take him by force, but he was obdurate," the letter relates. "They picked up his overcoat and began to force him into it. His wife tried to communicate with somebody by telephone, and they dragged her roughly from the instrument. Trotsky's son attempted to defend his father and was subdued in a fist fight by one of the agents.

"Finally, they dragged Trotsky out of his house by main force, put him in an automobile, and drove him at high speed to the Faustovo station, forty miles from Moscow. He was placed in a compartment with two soldiers on guard. On the road he fell sick. At Samara they took him from the train in a serious condition and doctors were summoned. That is all we know."

Hard Luck for "Fences"

THIEVERY would not be profitable if there were no "fences" to dispose of stolen goods. Last year New York State tried to make life a little less rosy for "fences" by permitting the use of the testimony of thieving accomplices to convict criminal receivers of stolen goods. The bill—now a law—permitted the jury to weigh the testimony of the thief, though uncorroborated, for what it was worth. We will let a quotation from an editorial from the New York "Tribune" tell the rest of the story:

> Last year Assemblymen of both parties, but mainly Tammany men, defeated the "fence" bill which the Assembly passed unanimously on Tuesday. For the conversion of the obstructors no small credit is due to the "Evening World." Week in and week out that newspaper has kept the "fence" bill and its opponents, collectively and individually, in the show-case. Its campaign for this important legislation has been as able as it has been persistent. Its editorial broadsides had their effect at Albany. Our neighbor is to be congratulated on a clean-cut public service.

This quotation is remarkable on two points. It records a real advance in legal procedure and it provides evidence to the fact that one New York newspaper can be generous to another.

Meat and Vegetables

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON, the Arctic explorer, is eating fresh meat, and nothing else, in Bellevue Hospital in an attempt to prove that such a diet is not a cause of scurvy. Mr. Stefansson hopes to prove that it is possible for explorers to undertake long expeditions into the

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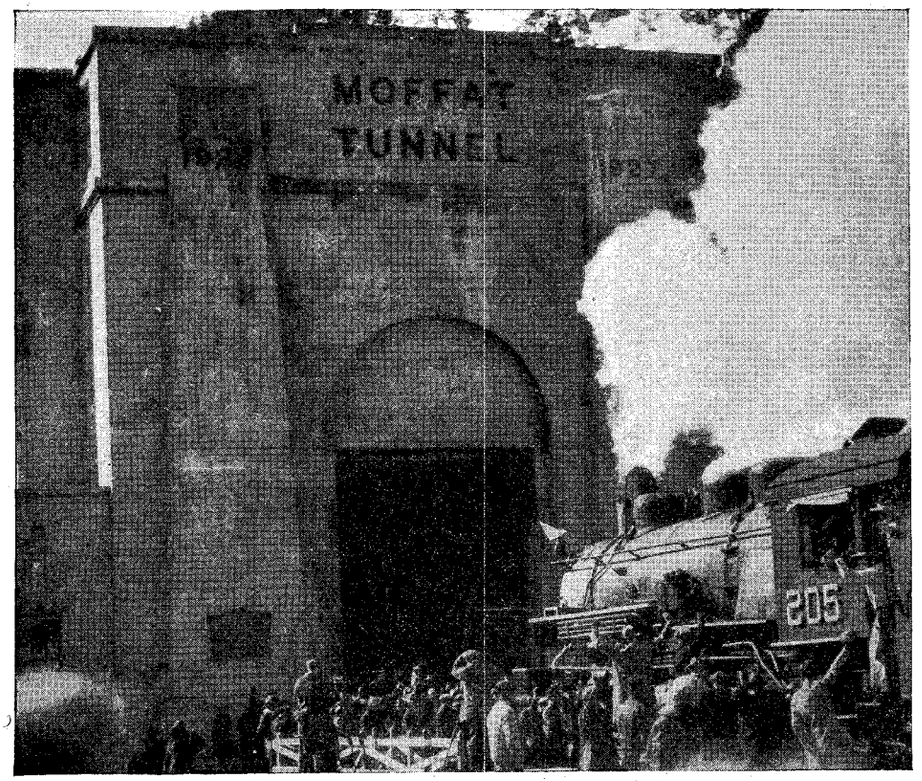

Wide World

AN ENGINEERING DREAM REALIZED

The official opening of the Moffat Tunnel, which penetrates the Rockies under the Continental Divide, fifty miles west of Denver. This tunnel, over six miles in length, cuts the former seven-hour trip to twelve minutes

Arctic regions without carrying large supplies of vegetables.

Mr. Hyman Schildkraut, owner of vegetarian restaurants and by his own admission "the leading authority on vegetarianism in America if not also in England," thinks the explorer's test is simply terrible.

"Maybe if you got an awful good stomach you could get away with it for some time," he admits. "And maybe if you live away up in the Arctic lands, where you got nothing to do but digest, you could do it too, like those Eskimos and the polar bears. But in New York and such places you couldn't do it without you get terrible trouble with too much acid. This Stefansson maybe can get away with it because he's lived like an Eskimo and he's used to it. But why should anybody else do it?

"Our insides manufacture ten per cent acids all the time. We got to suffer when we take into our systems the acids and poisons that the animals got in them long before they ever thought of getting butchered."

Mr. Schildkraut says he has made a profound study of the insides of human beings and knows how to treat them.

"Let Stefansson do what he wants," he advises, "but if you want to eat like a regular New Yorker and not like an Eskimo, you come and see me."

Political Platforms

THEY should be abolished, according to Mrs. Emily Newell Blair, President of the Women's National Democratic Club.

"I would make a statement, short but to the point, that platforms were outmoded," she said at a meeting in Washington.

"Either they meant something and became a target or they meant nothing and were a camouflage. In one case, dangerous; in the other, dishonest. Therefore they were not accessory to victory.

"I would merely say that in the interests of honesty and frankness and the desire to win the public, the Democratic Party forebore to inflict it further, and let it go at that. It would introduce the Democratic Party in a new garb, . . . it would make men sit up and take a new look at us, saying: 'Maybe there is something, after all, in that party. It's getting in line with the times.'

"And then while they were looking, I'd say: 'Meet Mr. Nominee. He'll tell you himself what he's got to sell you.' And maybe—I'd take advice on this—I'd let him give out an interview made up by a Democratic Bruce Barton, which would be his chart, his outline. He'd have to fill in the rest of the picture for himself during the campaign. That done, I would let him fight his campaign with that brilliant slogan given us by the dashing member of our Board of Governors, Mrs. Wilbur Hubbard, the best appeal the Democratic Party could make, comprising and containing all a platform could say:

" 'Four years of Wall Street; give Main Street a chance.' "

This Land of the Free

WHAT we call our Bill of Rights contains no penalty clauses. It remained for Representative Berger to propose putting teeth into the First Amendment, and he has embodied his idea in a bill, now pending, which would make it a Federal offense to infringe the freedom of the press, of speech, religious belief, or peaceable assembly. The punishment suggested is two years' imprisonment, or a fine of $5,000, or both. Most of us think of the rights guaranteed as "natural" and inalienable, and if that is their nature of course they cannot be invaded. The gentleman from Wisconsin raises the question whether, if that is not indeed their nature, there should be appropriate recourse for the sufferer and for an offended Government. At Washington it is said his unique measure will not become law, but will die of neglect in committee. Perhaps it will serve its uses merely as material for reflection.

A companion measure, to repeal the Espionage Act passed during the World War and still on our books, is aimed at the law under which Mr. Berger was indicted seven or eight times, and on his first trial was sentenced to twenty years in prison. He did not serve the sentence, asserting naïvely that he preferred Congress to jail. The Espionage Act is misnamed, he contends, since under its provisions no spy was ever caught or convicted; and he sees no need of cluttering up the statute-books with it.

O. Henry's Jail

IT is proposed to make an O. Henry Memorial Library out of the jail at Austin, Texas, in which Sydney Porter was confined for two months before he was taken to Ohio, where he served a term in the State Prison at Columbus for defalcation.

A jail as a memorial is certainly a novelty. The nearest thing to that we know of is that Bedford in England treasures as a memorial to John Bunyan the door of the jail in which he wrote "Pilgrim's Progress."

It was in the Columbus prison, not that in Texas, that O. Henry wrote some of his early stories, and it was thence that he sent to The Outlook in the year 1900 his "Georgia's Ruling," said by his

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biographer to be the second of his magazine stories. There also he wrote those infinitely touching and cheerful letters to his young daughter, who was ignorant of the cause of his absence.

It is generally believed that the case against Porter was greatly prejudiced by the fact that he forfeited bail and went to Texas; when he heard that his wife was ill, he gave himself up in Texas so that he could get back to Ohio for trial. His friends have always contended that the alleged shortage in the bank where he was an employee was due to a bad system of personal loans on memorandum and not to any deliberate defalcation on the part of Porter. His biographer, C. A. Smith, strenuously asserts his innocence.

The Austin jail is described as looking more like an old mediæval castle than a prison. If the memorial plan does not go through, it will be demolished. Whether or not this is for lack of prisoners (a reason which has lately caused some English jails to be sold at auction), we are not told.

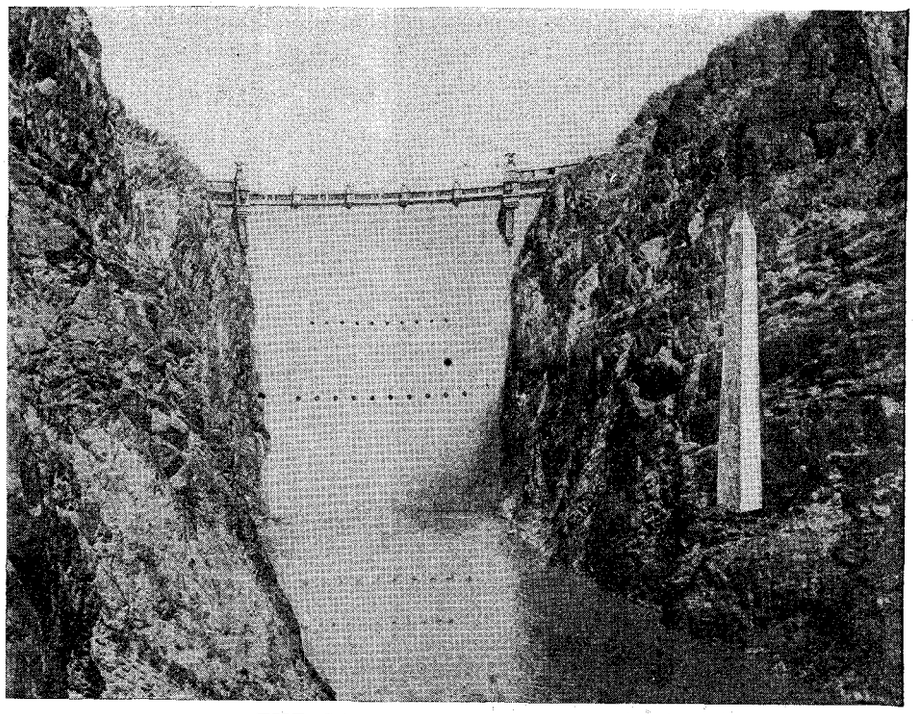
Franklin D. Roosevelt Wins Out

For seven years Franklin D. Roosevelt has battled with infantile paralysis. He was stricken in 1921, when he was thirty-nine years of age. Those who attended the Democratic Convention of 1924 will never forget his gallant speech on behalf of the nomination of Governor Smith, when, swinging himself between two crutches, he delivered an address which was perhaps the high light of the Convention.

Now word comes through a special article in the New York "Evening World" that Franklin Roosevelt has reached the point where he is able to walk with a crutch and a cane. Possibly by the time of the Houston Convention he will have discarded the crutch.

During all his convalescence Mr. Roosevelt has been interested in helping fellow-sufferers. Through his initiative the benefit of exercise in warm water has been proved and adopted in many places. Last year he was instrumental in establishing a foundation for the treatment of the effects of infantile paralysis at Warm Springs, Virginia.

It is good news to know that Franklin Roosevelt is back in active life again. He is one of the ablest men in the Democratic Party, and his record as a servant of the public in the office of Assistant Secretary of the Navy entitles him to the grateful regard of all Americans. Save for his illness—and his loyalty to Governor Smith—he would have been an outstanding possibility as a Democratic Presidential candidate this coming June.



THE PROPOSED BOULDER DAM

A comparison in height with the Washington Monument, which is 555 feet. The dam would be 560 feet from river level to crest

From Washington

The Loose Coalition Against Smith

With the entrance of Senator Thomas J. Walsh into the contest for the Democratic nomination for President, the West-South coalition against Governor Smith is practically complete. Among the candidates themselves there is, perhaps, no agreement whatever. But just because it is loose and flexible it has elements of strength.

Walsh, with McAdoo support, bids both for the Catholics and for those dry anti-Tammanyites who oppose Governor Smith on account of his wetness and his Tammany upbringing.

Senator James A. Reed, of Missouri, bids for the wets, who may or may not oppose Smith on other grounds, and for the elements of the party not closely allied with the Wilson wing or with McAdoo.

Representative Cordell Hull, of Tennessee, dry, Protestant, and committed to the principles of progressive Democracy, bids for the general run of middle-of-the-road Democrats.

Senator Walter F. George, of Georgia, also both dry and Protestant, but a conservative with supposed slight leanings toward big business, bids for those, among others, who are traditional Democrats but want greater assurance of conservative policies toward business than either Smith or Walsh, for instance, might be expected to give.

Evans Woollen, of Indiana, a financier with the traditional Democratic view of the tariff, bids particularly for the tariff reformers among businesses not ordinarily classed as big.

These, with possibly certain favorite sons, constitute the not unformidable loose coalition. For nominating a candidate it may or may not be effective. For preventing the nomination of a candidate—well, it may or may not be effective, but the greatest elements of its strength can be exerted in that direction.

Walsh's Part

The new factor in the equation is Walsh, and he is not as new as he may appear. The announcement of his candidacy has waited upon his freshening up his record in the oil investigation and other things. It came dramatically upon the heels of his securing from Will H. Hays the sensational revelation as to Republican Party finances.

All that Reed, in his tour of the West, has said about Republican corruption and the necessity for honesty in Government may redound as much to Walsh's benefit as to Reed's. For Walsh is the one man who has topped Reed in that regard. Reed, by his tour, undoubtedly has gained some strength, which may become manifest in first or second choice instructions.

Reed, Smith, and Walsh are entered

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in the California contest. Reed and Smith, presumably, will split the wet vote, leaving the solid dry-McAdoo strength to Walsh. The only other States in which Walsh is so far entered are Wisconsin and South Dakota. He will be entered in others. But if, against split opposition, he can get dry delegates in wet strongholds like Wisconsin and California he will have done his part. There is no need for bothering about the naturally dry delegations.

Walsh is to stay on the job in Washington. His fight is to be made mainly by the McAdoo organization.

As much as can be said with certainty now is that the nomination is not to go by default to Governor Smith. Those who ever thought that it would were forgetful of some of the strongest traits of human nature—and some of the oldest resources of politicians.

A Vanished Voice

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S semi-weekly "conferences" with newspaper correspondents have now receded into mere background. Not even written questions may be submitted in advance, no transcript of what is said is permitted, the correspondents may not even report the refusal to answer any inquiry.

There was much to be said for meetings between the President and the Washington corps when the custom was established by Woodrow Wilson. It has continued, with interruptions, under increasing difficulty. At the outset it was obvious that the Chief Executive could not afford to be quoted offhand about current news, because what he says has a weight greater than any other American's outgivings; yet it seemed to be important that public opinion should be informed while the event was on the anvil; that is, while public interest was hot. It was to meet this situation that Mr. Wilson sired the "Official Spokesman;" but Mr. Coolidge did that demon to death a year ago. The exorcism was accomplished in semi-confidential fashion. On the privileged floor of the Senate Senator Pat Harrison, who was admitted to the secret, conducted public obsequies. Thus was the word spread about. Since then the wraith of a ghost has survived plurally, in the verbal masquerade of "White House callers" and "friends of the President."

But not even these tenuous figments now remain. The President speaks, but what he says is "background." The shade of Executive opinion has reached that high state of invisibility in which it formerly dwelt.

Hays on the Stand

ONLY oil rivals alcohol, even remotely, as organic solvent—and National irritant. The fevered history of the week in Washington affairs is written around the two.

Will H. Hays, czar of the movies, some time Chairman of the Republican National Committee, and Harding's Postmaster-General, was on the witness-stand before the Walsh Committee in its search for the profits of the Continental Trading Company.

Prominent and important personage that he is, Hays became a pitiable figure before the grilling was over. He gripped the chair arms till his knuckles turned white. He bit his lips till the blood ran, till his handkerchief was all but saturated.

In 1924 Hays had testified that Harry F. Sinclair gave to the Republican campaign of 1920 the considerable sum of $75,000. This time Hays testified that Sinclair gave to that campaign the bulky sum of $260,000, of which $100,000 was returned, leaving the still substantial sum of $160,000. He revealed Sinclair as by far the largest contributor to the campaign which resulted in the election of Warren G. Harding to the Presidency.

Hays explained the discrepancy between his testimony now and four years ago by saying that he was not then asked specifically about anything beyond the $75,000, and that, anyhow, he had up to that time regarded the rest of Sinclair's contribution as a loan.

The additional $185,000 came from Sinclair to Hays in the form of Liberty Bonds, not during the campaign, but afterwards, to help in taking care of a deficit. Donations during the campaign had to be—and were—accounted for. It was Mr. Hays himself who insisted that during the campaign no individual contribution should exceed a thousand dollars.

Hays was the most lavish Republican Chairman in history. Contributions of a thousand dollars and less fell far short of meeting his needs. A monumental deficit was accumulated.

Laws are usually full of loopholes. The one covering publicity of campaign contributions makes no provisions for contributions made after a campaign has ended. It does not contemplate a deficit. If the Walsh Committee had not stumbled on the overnight profits of the Continental Trading Company, Sinclair's princely post-election gift to the Harding campaign probably never would have been revealed.

Hays testified that he parceled out the Sinclair bonds to former Secretary of War John W. Weeks; Fred W. Upham, Treasurer of the Republican National Committee; John T. Pratt, of New York; and United States Senator T. Coleman Du Pont, for adjusting the party's deficit. Of these men only Senator Du Pont is now alive, and he is a hopeless invalid.

Hays testified that at the time of the transaction he had not heard of the Continental Trading Company, and that he does not now know whether or not the bonds which he received from Sinclair came from that company's profits.

Stewart and the Rockefeller Stock

WHILE Hays was waiting for the grill Robert W. Stewart was twice indicted by a Federal grand jury for contempt in refusing to answer questions concerning his supposed conversations with Sinclair with regard to the Continental bonds. Twenty-four hours earlier Stewart had been re-elected Chairman of the Board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, with the Rockefeller stock not voted either for or against him. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has since said that he was assured of Stewart's willingness to resign, and that he is prepared to "request" that resignation if it appears desirable.

A Conference for Prohibition

So much for the penetrating power of oil. Now for alcohol.

Thirty-one temperance organizations met jointly. Men and women were present from all States. They represented all shades of political belief. Practically all religious faiths were represented, the Catholic prominently, the Jewish only a little less so.

The meeting unanimously adopted a resolution calling on all political parties to include in their platforms a positive, clear-cut declaration pledging the support of the party and its nominees to a program of vigorous and efficient enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment and necessary supporting legislation. The nomination of men who can consistently stand on such a platform was demanded. The Volstead Law was not mentioned by name in the resolution. The thirty-one organizations are not, in the record, committed to any particular kind of enforcement law.

There was apparent on the surface the determination that a dry must be elected President this year. There were indica-

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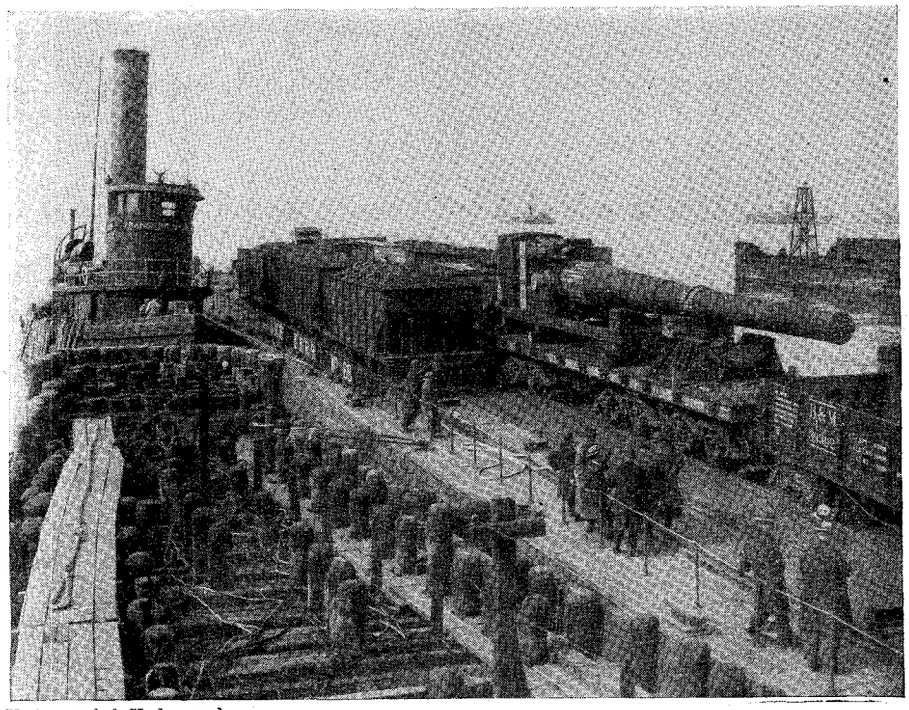

Underwood & Underwood

TO DEFEND UNCLE SAM

A fourteen-inch railroad gun loaded for shipment to the Panama Canal

tions beneath the surface that if the Democrats and the Republicans refuse to nominate acceptable candidates the drys may do what they never did before —turn to the Prohibition Party.

It may not be conceivable that a Prohibition Party candidate could be elected President. But it is easily conceivable that support of the Prohibition Party by the dry organizations would upset a good many apple carts.

A Compromise on Flood Control

THE Senate Interstate Commerce Committee has reported out a bill, bearing the name of Chairman Jones, providing for Mississippi flood control. It would appropriate for the work $325,000,000, while the House bill would appropriate $473,000,000.

In a sense, the Jones Bill is a compromise with the Administration demand that the States bear a considerable part of the costs. It provides, tentatively, that communities bear a small part of the cost of building the levees up to the 1914 level. Advocates of the Administration plan say that this would be so small a part of the total cost as to be immaterial. It would, however, save the principle of local participation. Final adjustment, under the Jones Bill, would be left to a commission.

The battle as to whether the Federal Government shall bear the whole cost of controlling the Mississippi will be fought out on the two floors, perhaps mainly on a minority report from the House Committee recommending that an economic survey be made to determine the facts and the justice of the situation.

Pro and Con on Flood Control Cost

THERE are two very real sides to the argument over the cost of flood control. This everybody admits. Here they are. The proponent of the all-Federal plan speaks; the opponent replies.

Proponent. The Mississippi bears the water of thirty-odd States which overflows, mainly, on three States. To make those States pay would be to put the burden of many on the shoulders of few.

Opponent. But the people of those States have always known the facts. Servitude of the levee goes with the land.

Proponent. The flood States have spent three hundred million dollars in levees. That is enough for them.

Opponent. But the money was well spent. It was a good investment.

Proponent. Once, perhaps. Now the drainage of lands along all the tributaries has increased the volume of floods. The levees have to be built higher and higher. Increased height means greater breadth of base. The cost is out of all proportion to the return from the protected lands.

Opponent. But if the Federal Government bears the entire expense here, every other internal improvement will demand the same treatment, and we shall be in for endless pork-barrel legislation.

Proponent. Each case must be decided upon its own merits. The Mississippi is a great artery of navigation, and the Federal Government has never paid its just share based on the protection of navigation alone.

Opponent. But a just share is not the whole thing. Let us, at least, save the principle of local participation. We can do that if the States pay any part of the cost, however small.

Proponent. The flood States are exhausted by the recent unparalleled overflow. They are not able to pay anything.

Opponent. But the flood lands are exceptionally rich lands. They will be able to pay.

Proponent. If they pay, they will feel that they have the right to participate in determining policies. They will hamper the work.

Opponent. But if they do not pay they will not feel that they have any responsibility. We shall lose the interest of the people most vitally concerned.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

THE AMERICAN IDEA of outlawing war and the European idea of preventing war by organizing against possible aggressors are up for another test. Secretary Kellogg, of the Department of State, has sent to Foreign Minister Briand, of France, a note renewing the proposal that France join with Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Japan, and the United States in a single treaty binding them not to resort to war against one another. Mr. Kellogg would have this treaty "open to subsequent adherence by any and all other governments."

Mr. Kellogg first made this proposal a few weeks ago, in response to M. Briand's suggestion that France and the United States join in a treaty renouncing any war between them. But M. Briand replied that the obligations of France as a member of the League of Nations and to her allies in Europe prevented her from making such a general agreement unless it be limited to "wars of aggression." With the signing of the

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new arbitration treaty between France and the United States, the idea seemed dead. Now Mr. Kellogg has brought it back to life vigorously.

In saying, as he does in his note, that all war is "an assault upon the stability of society," he chooses a phrase too vague and sweeping to have any real meaning. Was the war with Spain to liberate Cuba such an assault? But he argues shrewdly that if France could offer to sign a treaty outlawing war with the United States, she must be able to do so in common with other members of the League, "since it is hardly to be presumed that members of the League of Nations are in a position to do separately something they cannot do together." And he points out that at Havana seventeen Latin-American states, members of the League of Nations, have joined in a Pan-American declaration condemning war. To define aggression is difficult, he contends, and to limit the understanding to wars of aggression would greatly weaken it.

Experts on international law attached to the League of Nations itself have said that the Powers in the League could sign a multilateral treaty outlawing war without any violation of their League obligations.

Both Great Britain and Germany have welcomed the new American initiative. So the move has been put clearly up to France.

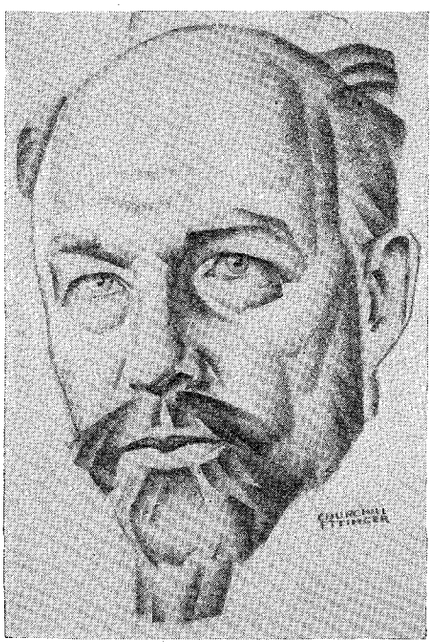
IF M. Briand does not want to sign a general peace treaty, as Mr. Kellogg proposes, it strikes me that Mr. Kellogg's latest argument will make it a trying task to disprove the suspicion—voiced by Senator Borah—of a French desire to avoid the issue because of military alliances on the Continent.

Of course, Mr. Kellogg would have his own complications on this continent—he would have to convince two-thirds of the Senate.

AMERICAN MOTION PICTURES are so popular in France apparently that there is no way to secure French films a chance for success except to restrict the showing of foreign films. So "the movies" have become the cause of an active international trade rivalry between French and American interests. The French Government has named a commission to administer a new cinema decree directed particularly against American films.

The commission represents each Ministry and also the motion-picture producers and actors, under the Presidency of Paul Léon, Director-General of the Department of Fine Arts. This commission has power to permit or prohibit the showing of any foreign film, and it can debar the entire output of any company that shows anywhere a picture considered detrimental to French prestige.

Part of the trouble, I gather, is due to the type of imagination displayed by American scenario writers in adapting literary masterpieces for the screen. For instance, the French complain that the production of "Les Miserables" painfully mutilated Victor Hugo's great work.



Count Hermann Keyserling, German philosopher, now making a lecture tour of the United States

(See page 432)

And "The Big Parade" incensed French spectators, who felt that it slighted their part in the war and showed the Americans as winning it alone.

Until three weeks ago the American companies understood that the restrictive measures would not go into effect before September 1, and they planned in the meantime to negotiate with the French Government and the producers. But a sudden decision of the Cabinet advanced the date to March 1.

A significant section of the French decree provides that the commission shall take action against any film company guilty of using unjust competition against French films. Undoubtedly, a little more use of French films in America would smooth the way of American films in France.

The French move seems to be only the first of a series of like moves in other European countries. Since the war the American motion-picture industry has enjoyed a practical monopoly of the most profitable business abroad. Now Spain is following the French lead in demanding protective measures for the Spanish film industry; and in Great Britain, Germany, and Austria plans are already under way for similar action against American pictures.

HOLLYWOOD has evidently become the center of another international business engaged in a conflict as picturesque—if not as vital—as the contest for oil reserves, and Famous Players and Standard Oil directors march shoulder to shoulder as captains of industry beneath the Stars and Stripes.

SENATOR BORAH'S PROPOSAL to have the laws of war at sea restated and recodified has won an instant response in Great Britain. Public opinion in London has shown itself favorable to any overture for a conference on the problem which is called "the only cause of serious conflict which ever has arisen between Great Britain and the United States." Although the British Government has not considered the question, there is little doubt that an international meeting could easily be arranged if the United States desires it.

Britishers are particularly interested to know what attitude the United States might take toward a blockade of an aggressor state if ordered by the League of Nations? Would the British navy, which would have to bear the main responsibility in such a blockade, find that it had picked a quarrel with the United States? Decidedly there is a new state of affairs in the world—which the United States helped to bring about—that calls for fresh clarification of the laws of war and the conditions of peace.

THE first air mail route between the United States and Mexico is near realization, with the Mexican Government preparing to open a route from Mexico City to Nuevo Laredo, across the Rio Grande from Laredo, Texas, where it might connect with a United States service. The Mexican Director of Posts inquired when the United States would be ready to connect, and the Second Assistant Postmaster-General at Washington replied that the United States would be ready as soon as Mexican planes came to the border.

The service should open the way for air mail lines to Central and South America. Already European services are beginning to operate. A French flier left Paris on March 1, despite storms and fog, carrying the first air mail from France for Brazil and Argentina.

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In Praise of the Senate

By SILAS BENT

SENATOR BRUCE, of Maryland, observed plaintively not long ago that the Senate had eighteen investigations under way. The statement caused a general gasp of surprise, yet there was nothing unusual about the number. The upper house is not really itself nowadays unless it has a score of inquiries under way.

Customarily, there is a deal of complaint on this score. A lot of time which might be put to better use is wasted. Some of the inquiries are fruitless; some of them, which have brought to light interesting and useful information, are represented by bulky volumes which accumulate dust in the Congressional Library. Such things go with astonishing celerity into limbo. And, of course, it is true that the printing bills, the time of the witnesses and committeemen, the cost of employing special investigators and counsel, mount into huge sums.

But let us set against these facts the results of a single investigation. The naval oil lease cases brought the return to the Government of about thirty millions in money, plus two properties estimated by the spoilsmen themselves as worth one hundred millions each. Two hundred and thirty million dollars will pay amply for all the inquiries the Senate has conducted since it came into being, and probably for a good many more. Even if all these others were footless and wasteful, the Senate's inquisitorial activities have justified themselves on the most sordid basis, without taking into account an aroused public conscience.

The naval oil leases serve also to illuminate the circumstances in which the Senate has come to devote more and more of its energies in recent years to extra-legislative research. The Senate has been compelled to take over a function abdicated by the daily press. The Teapot Dome scandal was known to all the large newspapers of this country for a year and a half before a Senate committee forced the facts into the light. Only one newspaper made an investigation on its own account, and it was silenced with a million dollars. The facts are fully documented, and if they are not fully known it is because the newspapers have suppressed them.

The Senate is now busy looking into the strike of soft-coal miners. Let me say at once that the conditions in this field had been exposed, not by the press as a whole, but by one newspaper of large circulation. This was a despised tabloid picture paper in New York City, and the upstart got no help in the work from its complacent and superior eight-column competitors.

Senatorial investigation is a by-product in large measure of this journalistic subservience, indolence, and conformity. If the American people have now any adequate notion of their political environment, and of the manner in which the framework built on a feudal and agricultural economy has been utilized for the purposes of an industrial order, credit must go rather to the Senate than to the press; for the Senate has compelled the newspapers to print facts about underlying movements and hidden forces which would otherwise remain concealed.

THIS the Senate does, let me say at once, amid the immense pomposity of sesquipedalian verbiage. Its wordage output is appalling. And its members' special privilege of immunity from arrest and from being "questioned in any other place" about their utterances has somewhat trying consequences. The spectacle of a Heflin engaged in a bigoted tirade against the Roman Catholic Church makes one question whether Senatorial privileges are not too extensive. Yet the theory is that Mr. Heflin is free to say such things anywhere in this country. If freedom of speech and religious freedom mean anything, they must mean freedom to criticise any man's faith. If the Senator felt that he must have the protection of the floor for such an outgiving, then it is but an evidence that the Senate is a last stronghold of free speech and an argument for its exercise; for, although Mr. Heflin introduced into the "Congressional Record" letters from every State in the Union approving what he had said, nevertheless the total effect was to do more harm to him than to the Church he assailed. Senatorial free speech, in other words, has but illustrated again that every privilege carries its own penalties.

Nor is there any need to limit the wordage output through alteration of the Senate rules. Vice-President Dawes has never unlimbered his sharp tongue in a cause more ill-considered than his campaign to limit debate in the upper house. Unlimited debate is a rampart erected against popular hysteria, the resistance to which is a Constitutional obligation of the Senate. The rules under which this body proceeds were engendered by its function. It is the last citadel of minority opinion and the surrogate of weaker States. That is why a Nevada voter has, in effect, seven times as much power when he speaks through the voice of his Senator as a New York voter. That was why the Senate, less subject than the House to popular clamor, was set up as a barrier to Executive aggression. When the Senate rejects a Charles Beecher Warren, or compels a President to dismiss members already admitted to his Cabinet, as it has done in recent years, it is not arrogating to itself powers outside its province. It is there for just such contingencies.

So this is the Senate which, in its early days, wanted to call the President "his Elective Majesty," and was only prevented by the House from entitling him "his Highness." This is the Senate where a snuff-box still occupies its niche near the rostrum, and where quill pens, with sand as a blotter, are still provided for its members. This is the Senate once distinguished by Platt and Quay, by Bailey and Foraker and Lorimer. Compare those men with Borah and Walsh and La Follette, with Wheeler and Norris and Nye. What was once a stronghold of reaction has become the refuge of a militant minority. This did not happen, of course, until the election of Senators had been taken away from State Legislatures and put into the hands of the voters; but it has happened. Democracy has transformed its highest legislative body. In this, as in regulation of the railroads, in the establishment of a parcel post, in the enactment of an income tax, in scores of other instances, it has come blunderingly but surely into its own. It is a curious thing, this groping of a half-blind mass into its fulfillment. It is a curious and a heartening fact. Nowhere is there to be found a more refreshing example of it than in the tiresome Senate.

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What Do You Think of Prohibition?

The Eighteenth Amendment

1. After one year from the ratification of this article the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited.
2. The Congress and the several States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.
3. This article shall be inoperative unless it shall have been ratified as an amendment to the Constitution by the Legislatures of the several States, as provided in the Constitution, within seven years from the date of the submission hereof to the States by the Congress.

EIGHT years ago the Eighteenth Amendment became the law of the land. For eight years we have tried to enforce it. Opinion is divided over the result. On one thing only does there appear to be complete agreement: that our present situation is not the best one that can be hoped for.

What can be done about it?

In the opinion of The Outlook, the hour has come to re-examine the premises of National prohibition and to try to approach the whole question of liquor legislation from a scientific and realistic point of view. Frankly, such a task is a difficult one. The average dinner-table discussion of the merits or demerits of prohibition gets us nowhere. It is facts that are needed—and a clear view of public opinion on the question. Any one who attempts the task of ascertaining these things must divorce from his mind all questions of political expediency, of emotional appeal, and all presuppositions. The problem must be approached much as a chemist approaches his test tubes.

The first step towards a reappraisement of National prohibition is a clear-cut analysis of our experience. Both drys and wets agree that no examination of the question can be of value without first a knowledge of the state of public opinion. What do people really think about it?

The Outlook believes that in such a matter knowledge necessarily begins at home. What do the readers of The Outlook think?

In order to find out, we are placing before you the questionnaire on the opposite page. Please examine the questionnaire; think it over; discuss it as you will; and then send your answers to us.

This questionnaire resolves itself into three main divisions:

1. What was the cause and purpose of prohibition?
2. What has been accomplished by it?
3. What is the cure for such discrepancies as exist between the aims and the accomplishments of prohibition?

At first glimpse it might appear a simple thing to determine the purpose and cause of the Eighteenth Amendment. Is not its language simple and clear and its intent obvious? Well, just ask the question of a roomful of people and see what diverse replies are received.

"To destroy the commercial liquor traffic as a force of political and social corruption."
"To raise the moral level of the country."
"To save economic waste."
"To enforce total abstinence."
"To impose rural standards on metropolitan areas."
"It was brought about by big-business men who wanted sober laborers."
"It was brought about by blue-nosed reformers who hated to see any one enjoy himself."
"It was a puritanical measure."
"It was the result of scientific research."
"The liquor people brought it on themselves."
"The drys put it over in the midst of war hysteria."

So the answers go. Until we find out why we voted for prohibition we cannot determine how much it has accomplished. Well, what has it accomplished?

"It has cut down drinking."
"It has taken the liquor question out of politics."
"It has corrupted the Government."
"It has made drunkards of the young."
"It has raised a generation unfamiliar with the saloon."
"It has destroyed respect for the law."
"The Prohibition Law is obeyed better than the old license law."
"It has brought the bootlegger to dry territory."
"It has protected dry territory against the liquor traffic."
"It has made laborers soberer and richer."
"It has had a large share in the continuance of our prosperity."

But some kind of working agreement as to the evils or merits of prohibition is necessary before the law can be either strengthened or destroyed. When that consensus of opinion has been reached, we are faced with a series of questions as to the cure of the evils that are admittedly present.

Are we as a Nation in favor of the retention or the abolition of the Eighteenth Amendment?
Can the Volstead Act be enforced?
Should it be amended?
Can it be essentially and honestly changed while the Eighteenth Amendment is in force?
Do we want the saloon back?
Do we favor light wines and beers? If so, how can we handle their sale?

The questions might be carried on endlessly. They can all be summed up in two queries:

What *should* be done about prohibition? What *can* be done about it?

All the questions on the opposite page can be answered "Yes" or "No" or "I don't know" or, in a few cases, with a simple initial. We should like to have the answers signed with the name and address of the sender. The signatures, of course, will be kept confidential.

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A Poll of Outlook Readers

QUESTIONS

Group I

Do you believe

1. That all drinking of intoxicating beverages is morally wrong?
2. That all drinking of intoxicating beverages is a social menace?
3. That all making of intoxicating beverages is a social evil?

Group II

1. Were you in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment at the time of its passage?
2. Are you in favor of it today?
3. Do you believe its main purpose was to
   (*a*) Destroy the commercial liquor traffic?
   (*b*) Effect a moral reform?
   (*c*) Impose total abstinence?
   (*d*) Avert an economic waste?
4. Do you believe it was adopted as a result of
   (*a*) A real majority opinion?
   (*b*) War hysteria?
   (*c*) Organized propaganda?
   (*d*) Belief that the liquor traffic was controllable by no other means?

Group III

What, in your opinion, has the Eighteenth Amendment with the Volstead Act accomplished?

1. Has it improved conditions in your neighborhood?
2. Has it improved general social conditions?
3. Has it improved conditions in some groups of the population?
4. Has it made conditions worse in some groups of the population?
5. Has it resulted in moral improvement?
6. Has it improved economic conditions?
7. Has it increased respect for law?
8. What is your attitude towards buying from bootleggers? Indifferent? Opposed? Approving? [1]
9. What is the attitude of your community towards buying from bootleggers? [1]
10. What is your attitude towards home-brewing? [1]

[1] Answer with I (for Indifferent), O (for Opposed), or A (for Approving).

QUESTIONS

Group III

11. What is the attitude of your community towards home-brewing? [1]
12. What is your attitude towards bootlegging? [1]
13. What is the attitude of your community towards bootlegging? [1]

Group IV

1. If a Nation-wide plebiscite on the Eighteenth Amendment were possible, how would you vote?
   (*a*) To retain the Eighteenth Amendment as it stands?
   (*b*) To modify it by making it permissive with Congress instead of mandatory upon Congress to abolish or control the commercial liquor traffic?
   (*c*) To abandon our policy of National control of the liquor traffic by striking the Amendment from the Constitution?

2. If a Nation-wide plebiscite (while the present Eighteenth Amendment is still in force) were possible on the Volstead Act, how would you vote?
   (*a*) To retain the Volstead Act as it stands?
   (*b*) To modify it by increasing the permitted alcoholic content?
   (*c*) To clarify the distinction between the home-brewer and the commercial bootlegger?
   (*d*) To throw further protection about the sanctity of the home against search?
   (*e*) To protect personal liberty against abuses in enforcement?

3. If the country voted in favor of modifying the Eighteenth Amendment to make it permissive with Congress instead of mandatory upon Congress to abolish or control the liquor traffic, would you favor the retention of the essential elements of the present Volstead Act?

4. Would you vote to have Congress permit territory in which wet sentiment predominates
   (*a*) To authorize a return of the licensed saloon?
   (*b*) To manufacture and sell light wines and beers?
   (*c*) To establish a Governmental dispensary system?
   (*d*) To manufacture and sell distilled liquors?

ANSWERS

Group I

1. .....
2. .....
3. .....

Group II

1. .....
2. .....
3.
(*a*) .....
(*b*) .....
(*c*) .....
(*d*) .....
4.
(*a*) .....
(*b*) .....
(*c*) .....
(*d*) .....

Group III

1. .....
2. .....
3. .....
4. .....
5. .....
6. .....
7. .....
8. .....

ANSWERS

Group III

9. .....
10. .....
11. .....
12. .....
13. .....

Group IV

1.
(*a*) .....
(*b*) .....
(*c*) .....
2.
(*a*) .....
(*b*) .....
(*c*) .....
(*d*) .....
(*e*) .....
3. .....
4.
(*a*) .....
(*b*) .....
(*c*) .....
(*d*) .....

Remember, there are no recommendations contained in this questionnaire. The possibilities of change have merely been canvassed in order that you may have as wide a chance as possible to express fully your own private and particular views. If you have opinions for or against modification of prohibition not covered by these questions and wish to express them, note them on a separate sheet and inclose it with your answer.

[For the personal information of the editors only.]

Name .....

Address .....

Occupation .....

Age .....

With the blanks filled out, cut off and mail this column to THE QUESTIONNAIRE EDITOR, THE OUTLOOK, 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y.

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Is Coal Committing Suicide?

By CHESTER T CROWELL

"If a dog bites a man," said Dana of the "Sun," years ago, advising a cub reporter, "that is not news. But if a man bites a dog—" This classic definition explains the lethargic attitude of press and public to the contemporary coal strike. A year in which miners and operators worked in harmony would be news. The author is a frequent contributor to the magazines.

RECENTLY I was seated in a motion-picture theater while the news reel presented its usual hop, skip, and jump from corner-stones to railroad wrecks to parades, and finally to a little village in Ohio where the hungry children of striking coal miners were being fed by some relief agency. "Coal strike?" I meditated. "Have we got another coal strike? Oh, yes. Why, of course. This one is nearly a year old." For various reasons it hasn't been quite such a nuisance to consumers as coal strikes usually are. That's why I had forgotten it. As a Nation we have scarcely been aware of it, though it has caused much suffering in limited areas. In fact, Congress is planning, as these lines are written, to investigate conditions growing out of the strike. There has been quite a bit of disorder, and charges are tossed back and forth with regard to the responsibility for this disorder.

The charges are about as new as a President's Thanksgiving Day Proclamation and the disorder is about as novel as a tent-show production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." For years and years and more years the coal industry has been putting on the same old show. Time after time it has been scientifically advised—and done nothing with the advice; offered arbitration, and promptly found itself in new rows; increased the price of coal, and still found itself in a tooth-and-nail struggle against bankruptcy. I doubt that the troubles of the coal industry will ever again be a paramount issue or even the subject of general conversation in this country. People are sick of coal. Sick of the operators and miners alike. To the man on the side-lines it appears that both are fanatically devoted to fighting.

I speak as one who buys coal. That is my only interest in the subject. They were fighting when I was a little boy in knee pants some thirty years ago, and I remember hearing that as a result of these fights coal would cost more. I remember when anthracite went up to five dollars a ton and many people had to get along with less than they really needed, but others took the position that it was better to pay a high price and have peace in the industry with production assured. Years and years later I paid in Brooklyn $22 a ton for anthracite because there was another strike. If I remember correctly, that was in 1922. For more than a generation there has been neither stability, peace, nor assured production of both hard and soft coal. It is beyond question the worst-managed of all our industries. Moreover, labor union leaders have whispered to me confidentially that, after studying the conditions, they were less than enthusiastic about the generalship in the coal miners' unions.

LET's take five minutes to look at the appalling record of strikes and lockouts. It will be better to list these simply as "disputes-which-resulted-in-cessation-of-production" because there was often partisan disagreement as to whether the event was a strike or a lockout. To the man who was short of coal at the time the precise definition of the cause made very little difference. From the first day of 1916 to the close of 1926—eleven years—the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics recorded 1,843 of these disputes. The record for 1927 has not yet been published. Here is the annual record: 1916, 373; 1917, 355; 1918, 162; 1919, 148; 1920, 161; 1921, 87; 1922, 44; 1923, 158; 1924, 177; 1925, 100; 1926, 78.

Federal Government statistics covering the years from 1906 to 1925 show that the number of men out of work because of disputes in the industry "was more than 100,000 during three-fourths of the time mentioned." In 1910 there were 218,000 men out; in 1912, the number was 311,000; in 1919, 453,000; in 1920, 282,000; in 1922, 603,000. Even in 1906 there were 372,000 men out of work. The number of working days lost, says this report, was seldom less than 1,000,000 a year. Here are some of the high lights of that statistical report: 1914, 11,000,000 working days lost; 1919, 15,000,000; 1920, 16,000,000; 1922, 73,000,000.

FEDERAL statistics, I am informed, do not tell the whole story, because, it seems, there are numerous small disputes that are not reported. The "Coal Age" for January, 1928, reports that in Kansas alone there were 1,873 disputes between April 1, 1916, and December 31, 1921, and that the wage loss was more than $10,000,000. One is forced to the conclusion that the coal industry would really commit suicide if it could. It hasn't been able to finish the job and retire to the morgue for the simple reason that coal is an essential material. No matter how badly the production and distribution of it are handled, coal must still be had. One way or another, hit and miss, by guess and by the grace of the devil, it does come forth. But what a mess! And the coal industry may yet succeed in committing suicide. He would be a bold man who dares to deny that possibility today. I do not think any of the great operators are blinding themselves to the possibility, though they seem to be making very slow progress toward solutions of their difficulties.

For this, however, much can be said in extenuation. The difficulties that beset coal mining are not slight. First of all, the amount consumed is never stable. It bounces up and down, with good years and bad, and then it goes crazy when we have a World War. If production is at its peak, the miners are in the saddle, but when production is low there are so many coal miners that they are glad to parcel out the work in little doles of a day or two a week for each, and hang onto life by an eyelash. Whenever an attempt is made to settle upon a reasonable wage the awful obstacle of differing costs of production arises. One mine can be worked for half or even a fourth of what it costs to bring coal out of another. Then there is the appalling difficulty that grows out of the fact that in some parts of the country coal mining is a seasonable employment mixed with many other kinds of work, including farming, while in other parts of the country the miners must either dig coal or move away or wait in idleness for bet-

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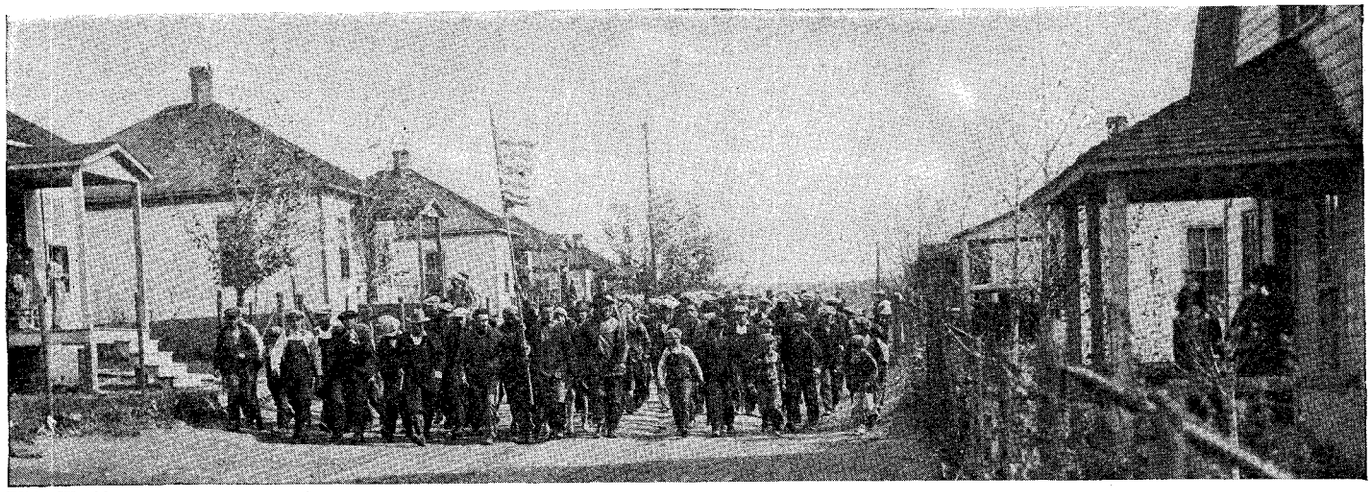

Wide World

PEOPLE ARE SICK OF COAL—SICK OF THE OPERATORS AND MINERS ALIKE

To the man on the side-lines it appears that both are fanatically devoted to fighting

ter times. The problem isn't an easy one by any means, and yet other industries in this country have overcome hardships no less intricate or stubborn. Vast mergers would be one solution, but they will require financing to the extent of certainly not less than $50,000,000, and coal doesn't readily and easily command capital in such blocks nowadays. It has been sick so long. Eventually, the electrical industry is going to be of vast help to coal mining; indeed, it is already helping to a considerable extent and in a way that few persons are aware of. The transportation of electrical energy over long distances through copper wires has made revolutionary progress within the past ten years, and more progress of the same sort is just ahead. The problem here was to insulate the wires against loss. Ten years ago the loss was so great that super-power plants were just a dream. Today they are by no means a dream. But super-power itself is attacked because it leads toward such colossal combinations in the field of electric public utilities. My guess is that we are going to have to waive objections to such combinations and hail them with cheers. We've made that change of opinion with regard to the railroads. Not many years ago every merger was viewed with alarm. Now the Interstate Commerce Commission advises great combinations of railway lines. If public utilities can unite in the same way, they may rescue the coal industry by burning the fuel at the mine. And they will unite unless prevented by law, because it is the logical course.

SOMETHING more constructive, something more of the best American genius for organization than any Congressional investigation of a coal strike will bring forth is needed to put coal on a sane basis. Coal is sick—not only here, but all over the world. As a matter of fact, coal is much sicker in England than in the United States. At least there has been much improvement in the machinery used in American mines, while there has been comparatively little in England. But no matter how much improvement takes place along these lines, coal mining remains hard, unpleasant work, far removed from the sunshine and never without danger of horrible accidents.

And to add to all its other difficulties, coal now has a powerfully organized, alert, scientifically progressive competitor in the internal-combustion engine and the various oil heaters. They are still so new that few persons realize what inroads they have already made. The substitution of oil for coal has extended into every field where coal was once supreme. The leaders of this invasion grow more cocky every day. One of them remarked to me recently: "There is just one thing you can say for coal. It is a whole lot better than wood. And when you've said that, you've said it all."

Ten years after the first fairly successful automobile had been marketed in this country the American people had invested about $12,000,000 in what they called horseless carriages. Ten years after the first fairly successful oil-burning furnaces were installed in the basements of homes, office buildings, apartment-houses, hotels, schools, and theatres the American public had invested about $75,000,000 in such equipment. That was enough to indicate what was coming, and now let's see what's happening today.

In 1926 the twenty-four leading makers of oil heating apparatus installed in American homes 73,000 units or, as the man in the street would say, burners. In 1927 about 100,000 burners were installed. The grand total now in use in American homes is estimated at not less than 550,000. But these figures do not include the larger units in theaters, hospitals, department stores, hotels, schools, and the other types of larger buildings. It is difficult to get accurate figures on this subject, but from such as are available the larger units must number something near 220,000. The grand total of all types of burners, large and small, was estimated by the "National Petroleum News" in 1926 to be 686,000.

The estimated consumption of fuel oil in the domestic type of burner for the "heating season" of 1927–8 is 50,000,000 barrels. And virtually all of this has displaced coal. There are now about 400 manufacturers of oil-burning heaters competing in this new field. Their estimated gross receipts for 1927 were $60,000,000. This industry is still so new that scarcely any of the sales of oil heaters can be charged to replacement of worn-out equipment; however, some of the sales can be charged to replacement of discarded equipment. I raised that point in discussing the subject with a manufacturer of oil heaters, and he admitted its validity, but hastened to add that those who have thrown away an unsatisfactory oil heater have invariably bought another; in other words, they don't go back to coal.

THERE are other very important fields in which coal is fighting a losing battle; I shall mention these only briefly, because they are fairly well known. In industrial plants the oil-burning furnace is often preferred not only because of economy but because it

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Are Americans Hyphenated?

A Reply to "Big Bill Thompson"

By EDWARD R. LEWIS

"Big Bill," said Hendrik Willem Van Loon in his recent article in The Outlook, "appeals almost exclusively to the people who have a grievance. People with a grievance make the best of all possible constituents. And in the case of Thompson they are the people who during the war were allowed to do their share and who in return were denounced . . . as 'undesirable aliens.'" Mr. Van Loon's contribution brought many responses, among them this able reply from Mr. Lewis. He is a resident of Chicago, a lawyer, and the author of a book dealing with immigration problems.

A MAGAZINE which frankly represents a racial group may loudly proclaim that we are all hyphenates—a favorite assumption of hyphenates. A psychologist would probably explain this as a sort of defensive pride asserting the same quality in others of which it is most conscious itself. But it is a little hard to see why Mr. Hendrik Van Loon, although he was born in Holland, should adopt it. Yet his article on "Big Bill Thompson" in The Outlook of February 8 is certainly founded on the premise that the stock of British origin is hyphenated.

I believe that premise to be wholly mistaken. The Census Bureau in 1922 estimated that 47,330,000 of us are descended from the white population of 3,000,000 here in 1790. The Presidential Commission appointed to determine our national origins under the Immigration Act of 1924 puts the estimate lower—at 41,288,570. Of this it estimated that about ninety per cent, or 37,000,000, are of British descent. It finds that about 7,000,000 are descended from British immigrants who came here after 1790. But 37,000,000 of British descent have been here, all of them five generations, and some of them eight and nine generations. If they are still hyphenated, God help the country, for it will take even more than three hundred years to make Americans of the present immigrants who speak different tongues and come from more alien lands.

Most of these 37,000,000 people do not know whence their ancestors came. Last month the writer saw a local Connecticut history which stated that it is thought that the father of his seventh-generation ancestor came to Lynn, Massachusetts, from England in 1634, but the belief can in no way be proved. There is a tradition that his mother's people came from North Ireland and, as the name is French in form, it is guessed that they were French Huguenots who went from France to Ireland. But that is all he knows. There are millions who do not know that much. They are Americans, they are rooted here, they are native, and they have no conscious background save that of America. They fulfill Barrett Wendell's definition of an American as "one who has no vestige of personal tradition not wholly native."

THEY have no attachment to England by personal connection. They love her literature, they enjoy Dickens and Thackeray and Keats and Shakespeare, and they will continue to enjoy them however much it may irritate the recent immigrants. Yet they are not Englishmen. They admire England's Hampden and Pym and Cromwell and Sir John Eliot, and Burke and Fox and Chatham, and believe that Americans are the heirs of their achievements as much as Englishmen, and yet they are not Englishmen or hyphenated Englishmen. They believe that our political liberty was derived from England. They know that the Fourteenth Amendment can be directly traced to that great Magna Charta which Mr. Van Loon seems to think has no connection with American liberty, and they know that our Bill of Rights and the habeas corpus and our jury and representative government all came to us directly from England. They may understand England better than France or Germany or Russia, because they have a similar psychology. But they are not Englishmen.

The best proof that they are not Englishmen or hyphenates is that they have never acted as Englishmen or hyphenates. The Revolutionary War was predominantly fought against England by men of English descent. The War of 1812 was also fought predominantly by men of British descent. The Civil War was likewise fought by a people predominantly of British descent, because the Census Bureau estimates that 73.5 per cent of us were at that time descended from the 1790 stock, and that stock was 90 per cent British. It follows that 65 per cent were then of British descent, and yet we hotly resented threatened interference by the British Government in that war. In the Boer War our sympathies were with the Boers. Always it has been easy to twist the Lion's tail and to talk of British gold. We have always been suspicious of England rather than trustful of her.

IF the stock of British origin is hyphenated, when did it become so? In the war? It would seem strange that, after resisting all temptation to become hyphenates in one hundred and fifty years, it should become so at the end?

In 1914 Germany entered Belgium and France. From then on Belgium and France had the sympathy and good wishes of a large part of the American population. It was not because our people were descended from Belgians; practically none of them were. It was not because they were descended from the French; only two per cent of them were, while fifteen per cent were descended from the Germans. It was because the attack on Belgium was an attack on everything that America holds sacred, and one who does not understand that simply does not understand America.

Mr. Van Loon says that the stock of British origin reacted to its past, meaning its British past, and therefore naturally favored England, while the newer alien groups naturally reverted to their pasts and therefore some of them naturally opposed England. The native stock of British origin did react to its past, but it was to its American past, and every voice from that past told it that German success would be disastrous to the world; that if that vicious and wanton attack, animated by the slogan "World Power or Downfall," succeeded, there was no peace for America until

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Germany was again fought and defeated, and nothing that has happened since has changed that opinion. The native American opinion does not forget that, while much remains unadjusted in Europe, nevertheless as a direct result of the war France, Belgium, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and Poland now govern their own countries and are not oppressed by the old Teuton materialistic and militaristic despotism, and that Germany itself now has as a result of German defeat a republican form of government.

England had the sympathy of many of our native stock, not as our own flesh and blood, but from an admiration of her spirit and a belief that her cause was just. But there was no pro-British sentiment as such. Although many of the native stock saw from the first that the interests and safety of America required German defeat, there was no demand that America take sides, no cry to fight for England or even for Belgium or France, until to the general feeling that German defeat was essential to world welfare was added our own specific cause —until the Lusitania was sunk, an act of war against the United States. As to that I am willing to be dogmatic and say that thereafter no normal, native-minded American not warped by an alien bias could any longer wish for German success. It was only then that the pro-Ally sentiment became active, and even then there were no British-American alliances; no hyphenated groups masquerading under American names in behalf of the Allies. The sentiment was American, and each new aggression against American rights gave that sentiment new power. The attempt to attack us through Mexico, the sinking of ship after ship, the threat to collect the indemnity from us, and finally the blockading of our ports made the American issue unmistakable.

Now what of the other side? We have had an Irish vote and a German vote for almost eighty years. Rhodes notes that they were first heard of in 1852, when Winfield Scott was accused of nativism. Our politicians have catered to them and feared them. The county tickets have been filled by careful consideration of the German vote, the Irish vote, and the Swedish vote. Yet the older stock fondly believed that the melting-pot made all of the newer groups Americans. When the war came, while great numbers of the newer stocks remained unaffected by hyphenated or alien propaganda, others, with evidently great numerical power, organized from the beginning to aid Germany. They had their German-American alliance. They demanded an embargo on munitions, demanded that Americans be warned off of armed ships. They defended the sinking of the Lusitania. They praised the Kaiser and German institutions in preference to our own fulsomely. They threatened political death to politicians who opposed them and disaster to newspapers which were not neutral. The politicians heeded them in a way they never heeded the native stock. To give a small example, a United States Senator in 1916 was handed a petition from twenty-eight German-Americans asking the Government to refrain from action against Germany. He was also handed a moderate statement from one hundred and eighty-two native-stock Americans who said they would back the President in any course he took to protect American rights. He presented the German-American petition of twenty-eight with a speech in praise of their position and patriotism. He presented the petition of the one hundred and eighty-two without a word of comment. The twenty-eight represented a hyphenated group. The one hundred and eighty-two were simply Americans.

Congress consistently showed pro-German partiality. It passed a resolution asking clemency for Casement. None was passed for Edith Cavell. Congressmen and Senators savagely attacked England for interfering with our commerce, and said nothing against Germany or were very gentle with her for killing our people. They abused Americans for sailing the seas, but not Germany for attacking them.

In general, where German-Americans were numerous, anti-German sentiment was long quiescent. Partly this quiescence was due to the President's ill-fated admonition of neutrality in thought, partly it was due to mere kindly deference to the feelings of old neighbors and friends among the German-Americans, but partly it was due to downright political and business intimidation.

Theodore Roosevelt, and no one could have been less hyphenated, was one of the very few who braved these alien threats. The German-Americans then threatened to defeat him for the Presidency and boasted that they did. They said that no one could attack the German aggression and be elected President. Perhaps they did not defeat him, and yet the Republican campaign of 1916 was based on the strategy that nothing should be done to offend the German vote.

There is no need to go into the long, painful history in this country in 1915 and 1916 of the attempted corruption of American labor unions, of the buying of newspapers, of the actual supplying of funds from Germany to finance pro-German organizations. Suffice it to say that the campaign was so widespread and energetic that it was little wonder that, in the heat of the war, some of the native stock were so affected by it as to have unfair suspicions of some persons of alien origin. Such acts are inevitable accompaniments of all wars.

Nor do I say anything here to minimize the loyalty and devotion of the American stock of alien origin during the war, both on the fields of France and in this country.

After the war alien group action and propaganda became active again. On the League question alien groups spoke as alien groups. The Greeks obtained a resolution from Congress in favor of the annexation of twelve Ægean islands and part of Asia Minor. The Irish obtained two resolutions of sympathy for the Irish republican movement. The Republicans, in 1920, encouraged both Italians and Yugoslavs to think that Harding would give each of them Fiume. It is significant that both in the Senate and House hearings on the Irish question references were made to Irish Senators, Irish citizens in this country, and a boast was made that the A. E. F. was thirty or forty per cent Irish—not Irish-American or of Irish descent, but pure Irish—although there are no records available of the birthplaces of the A. E. F. On every foreign question that has arisen since the war we have seen alien groups acting as alien groups in our politics, on the war debts, on the Four-Power Naval Treaty, on the World Court, and on the immigration question itself.

A prominent Republican leader in explaining his opposition to the national-origins clause and his preference for the 1890 foreign-born basis for determining immigration quotas, said that the origins basis offended alien groups, while the 1890 basis discriminated only against native Americans of British descent who had no political consciousness or political power.

On every hand we see the deference paid to the alien voter and to the repre-

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The Biological Pigeonhole

By GRACE KELLOGG GRIFFITH

EVER since I can remember the Woman Question has existed; and ever since I can remember the common method of settling it has been to shove it into the Biological Pigeonhole.

Excellent! In a day when all the biological words were tabu, when a "nice" woman couldn't say "conception" or "pregnant" even in a gathering strictly of women, and approaching motherhood had to be referred to—even between women—as "expecting a little stranger" or "an increase in the family," the Biological Pigeonhole was thoroughly effective. The moment that a hard-pressed conservative, male or female, said, stiffly, "There are certain natural facts," a deep stuffy silence enveloped the debate. How could it continue? There were no respectable words in which to continue it; even the euphemisms became indecent if they took on any argumentative clarity.

But how slow the human animal is to realize that times have changed! All the words are respectable now, provided you use them respectably. Even the children today know "where babies come from," and their touchingly pure and serious acceptance of the biological fact shames the snickerers.

Yet as recently as within the last six months at least two of our leading periodicals have treated the increasingly irrepressible question biologically, with the very evident idea that the mere assertion of woman's rôle in nature as a female animal designed for maternal duty still puts the old quietus on discussion.

The biological factor is undeniably the fundamental of the Woman Question, but—God be thanked!—we can at last discuss fundamentals; and this particular fundamental is blessedly reliable. There are secondary issues which admit of endless argument, but here there is no argument.

We know that if children are to be born none but men can beget them and none but women can bear and suckle them. We know that the man can beget a child fairly incidentally between the close of one day and the dawn of another, with no appreciable depletion of the powers needed for his work. We also know that for the woman to bear the child, and more especially to rear it, is a matter of months' and years' devotion. Biology takes a small toll from the human male; on the human female it levies heavily. The issue is practical and clear-cut; a matter definitely of time, energy, and place. Obviously, no woman can be in two places at once—home and office. No woman can give her whole strength to two widely separated objects—filing cabinet, say, and bassinet. Yet divided she will probably fail in both places and at both occupations.

"CAREER" is a high-flown word, abused to the point of obnoxiousness; but I use it because it is the one word which in the popular understanding covers all paid occupations for women outside of the home, from law to stenography, and in all settings from the Greenwich Village studio to the Main Street department store.

It is safely granted, I suppose, that a woman may be married and pursue a career if she is willing to remain childless. The true issue, so old that academically it is stale, yet in real life perpetually young, has been phrased so often that it has settled down to its lowest verbal terms; and these, without any effort at originality, I use:

Can a woman successfully raise a family and pursue a career?

Stale—yes. But academic discussion is happily unnecessary, since society itself, the vast inarticulate mass which expresses itself not in futile words but in virile actions, is giving its answer daily:

No.

The negation is expressed in two opposite decisions.

One set of women when confronted with the opportunity of motherhood definitely relinquish all idea or plan of undertaking or continuing a career, and settle down to conventional family life. Another group confronted with the same opportunity choose sterility and the career. The choices are opposite, but, without pausing to consider which is the wiser or happier, I may simply point out that the answer implied by them is the same.

There are exceptions—kinds of professional activity, such as writing, which may be done at home; extraordinary home-making assistance, a mother, say, or a spinster aunt. But, under typical conditions, the effort to run a career and a young family tandem is doomed to failure if not tragedy.

THE biological factor cannot be ignored. All enduring civilization must be in harmony with natural laws; and any social system which ignorantly or consciously runs counter to those laws will sooner or later meet the fate of the head that butts a stone wall. Any scheme of individualistic feminine development that disregards or disobeys the biological fundamental can only result in the destruction simultaneously of the woman and the race.

"Thou shalt bear children." The one commandment given to woman is graven on something more enduring than stone; it stands complete in every element of her body. A hard commandment because, historically, it has meant self-immolation.

Must it mean that forever?

I BELIEVE not.

The fact is that the race of man, operating almost entirely through men, has been mainly occupied throughout the ages in conquering biological limitations and rising above the position of a rather inferior animal.

In man alone of all life forms there is a strange spark which will not let him rest content with cloddishness. It cannot be defined—this unnamable something which I have, with no delusion of originality, called a spark; this something that has made him other than an extra-sagacious dominant animal; that has pushed him to build ships to cross the oceans that he cannot swim, submarines to explore the depths in which he cannot breathe, engines and motors to annihilate space; and that will not let him rest till, despite the terrible toll, he shall have conquered the air, which, of its own nature, will not bear him up. Alone of all the animals, man seeks to perceive and to create beauty, to discover the laws of the universe, to form organizations which beehive and rat colony,

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ant-hill and wolf pack, foreshadow only as the wings of the bat foreshadow the airplane; finally, to speculate about his own nature, the nature of God, and the meaning of life.

It cannot be defined, but doesn't this word "spark" suggest a very small but very sudden and vivid agent which starts off something infinitely greater than itself and unlimited in potentiality? A blaze that may consume a city? a motor that may breast the clouds above a frozen pole?

In refusing to be held down to the level on which nature started him—a mere minute impregnator invented to secure variety of type and perishing when his humble duty was performed—man has developed himself spiritually, mentally, and physically. Some of his senses, notably smell, he may have atrophied, his sinews may have lost the ape prowess, but, on the whole, he is a far comelier, better-poised, and generally more admirable and adaptable creature than the Neanderthal Man or *Pithecanthropus erectus*. Nature has approved his rebellion.

Will she approve the tardy but deeper and more passionate rebellion of woman? Or is woman a hopeless serf to the race, for whom revolt is death? Can woman achieve the self-development on which she seems determined, not at the price of self and race destruction, but in harmony with nature's dictates and, like man, with attendant racial benefit?

"Yes," say the radicals. "No," say the conservatives. It is an endless wrangle.

Meanwhile the real "woman movement"—the surge of girls into offices, the surge of mature unmarried women into two-room apartments and makeshift relations with the men who were meant to be their husbands, the rush of married women, childless or with evaded responsibilities, out of a house which has been too heavy a burden—goes steadily on, slow, blind, rather terrible.

BIRTH control is one of the words which only very recently have had the tabu lifted; so recently, indeed, that it is still frowned upon by many worthy persons who are daily proving its practical utility.

Applied therapy and surgery, social service agencies, sanitation, and general education in hygiene are gradually eliminating the checks of disease. Laws against infanticide and a more humane social attitude toward illegitimate children have largely abolished this check. Transportation facilities minimize the danger of famine. Wars, floods, fires, and poverty still operate, but happily with reduced force. Although statistics are, naturally, not available, a glance at the modern family of from one to four hearty children suggests, at least, that the chief check on population at present is birth control.

This has a bearing on the biological aspect of the Woman Question.

Justifiable or not, desirable or not, the deliberate limitation of procreation is with us, not as a doctrine, but as a practice. Industrial and economic conditions—the expensiveness of shoes and schools and food and roofs, plus a higher standard of living for the poorer and middle classes—necessitate it. At any rate, they cause it.

Consequently, whether they wish to be or not, women are debarred from having many children. Most of the thirty years of potential maternity must be frustrated; and, unless the whole industrial and social fabric can be made over, that frustration must continue.

It operates at both ends of the potentially maternal period. The age of marriage has been pushed back, within the memories of our grandmothers, from fifteen to seventeen to twenty to twenty-five, to twenty-seven, and on. What shall a woman do with the years that precede the bearing of her first child—years when she is an adult and capable of being a useful citizen?

Similarly, what shall she do with the long, long span of years that remain after the last child has been taken out of intimate dependence upon her? Household tasks have lightened. Women are no longer mentally atrophied at thirty-five. They are no longer in a dotage at sixty or even seventy. What shall they do? What shall the women who never marry do—if you reduce all feminine life to a biological formula?

The shortening of the maternal period for married women and its non-existence for the unmarried mean that they are denied a normal outlet for the strong constructive impulse inherent in the anabolic sex. To condemn them to an inchoate round of "social and civic activities" is to disintegrate the character. Jumping from this to that—dancing, dressing, clubs, charities, committees, golf, bridge, shopping, entertaining—with no continuity of interest or purpose, a woman forms habits of scattered attention and superficiality which unfit her for a settled life either within or outside marriage. She becomes one of those unfortunates who have brought upon a whole sex the adjective "restless."

I AM all for the sturdy development of character and perspective that comes with holding down a good, hard, eight-hour-a-day serious paid job. If the job can be a profession or an art stimulating in itself and well rewarded with money or honor, that is so much velvet. But any real honest-to-goodness job will do.

It won't make angels of women. Who wants it to? But it will make a great deal finer, solider, more trustworthy and livable product than a life filled with polite make-believe. The natural cravings for pleasure, love, and ease will still produce their eternal complications, but they will find a sturdier fiber to combat them.

And during the maternal period?

During the maternal period the "career" will probably, except in unusual cases, have to be laid aside. No woman who has known the joy of steeping herself in motherhood after ten or fifteen years of barrenness will regret the hiatus.

And if it is not a hiatus but a full stop?

The only solution I can see (and it is that most difficult kind, a psychological one) is that employers must be educated to the idea that when the maternal ten or fifteen years are up society should give the woman back her job if she is still capable of filling it, just as if she were a soldier who had been away at the war. They won't do it—just as they didn't give all the soldiers their jobs back. But in time everybody will become more intelligent in this matter. The woman who is in earnest about her career will keep in touch while she is away from it so that she won't be too rusty to come back to it. The business and professional worlds will learn to evaluate maturity and sound judgment correctly in the case of women just as they are learning slowly to do in the case of men. These are matters of adjustment—details that will and must work themselves out in practice. They can't be worked out argumentatively. It is part of the upward struggle of the spark.

The career for women is with us. It undoubtedly needs regulating in its relation to family life; but, unless the whole present structure of society should be revolutionized and early marriage together with prolific motherhood should be made possible, that career, whether or not it is economically desirable, biologically is a sound proposition.

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Miniatures from the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Laugh

IN the still pale hours of the early morning a policeman was making his rounds in New York. The blocks included in his beat were in a district much used by humanity. The neighborhood, neither new nor ancient, was given over partly to struggling business, partly to cramped and dingy homes. At this hour it resembled a woman of uncertain age, worn out and sodden, waking from a frowzy sleep.

Through the depressing stillness the policeman heard a sound. He stopped, on the alert. It was a strange sound for that time of day. Woman's voice—might have been a low scream. There it was again! Not a scream? No, by God, it sounded more like a laugh. It was a laugh; low, uncertain, and a little terrified, like the laugh of some one who has just caught on to the point of an ugly joke. The breath was caught, and the laughter came again, louder this time. The policeman had spotted the doorway by now, and was running down the street. Out of the darkened hallway came that strange laugh, louder and louder. The policeman plunged in. Well, there was nothing the matter here. Nothing in the hallway but a woman, staring at him, catching her breath and laughing. She looked at him with frightened eyes. "It's a funny world," she gasped, and could hardly catch her breath for the joke of it. "Where d'yuh live?" asked the policeman roughly. She lived round the corner. "It's a funny world," she gasped again, and this time doubled herself so with laughing that she fell against the policeman. "Dead drunk!" he muttered. "Here, you come along with me."

She laughed all the way to the station-house. By the time she got before the magistrate tears were running down her cheeks. "Judge," she told him, and was by this time convulsed, "it's a funny world." She looked around the room, still laughing, and shouted the joke to the others. "It's a funny world—you hear me?—a funny old world."

The Court was contemptuous, but inclined to let her go. "Stop that racket," she was told, "and you can go." But the woman laughed harder than ever. They sent her down to a cell to recover from the joke. Even down there, laughing and gasping, her voice was heard throughout the building. "Funny old world!" she shouted, and stopped suddenly, her hand on her side.

Every one about the court-house was concerned. They all did what they could, but the joke had been too much for her. She had died of it.

The Passenger

A YOUNG captain of the British Air Service, living in India, recently became ambitious to fly to Australia. His companion was to be a young woman whose coolness and courage, like his own, could only be taken for granted. Airship travel probably resembles marriage in this respect—the proof lies in the emergency.

The airship was to take off from the race-course at Rangoon. Next, there was to be a stop at another Indian town a few miles to the south; after that, Australia. The crowds arrived on time. The young captain and his fair companion took their places, he in the pilot's seat, she in the cockpit. The airship rose gracefully and expertly, leaving the earth, clearing the grass, rising above the trees, until it was a speck in the blue air above. The captain looked about him with satisfaction—looked about him and became transfixed. There was no enemy of the air he had not encountered, but here was a new one. Crawling slowly from under the very seat on which he was sitting, was a large brown snake. There were no stones convenient to the captain's hand. There were no trees from which to tear a branch. There was nothing left for him to make use of but his feet. The young British captain stamped and kicked in his fragile airship as valiantly as a bucking bronco. The snake merely looked at him and turned away. He was a resourceful snake, and he proceeded to the cockpit.

What the lady had expected to find up there in heaven is doubtful, but she had been thoughtful and far-sighted enough to provide herself with a stick. She was probably just beginning to wonder about these new and sickening vibrations when she beheld the enemy.

It was a long struggle, seeming up there in that airy space to continue in terms other than minutes. Her pilot could give her no assistance. There was nothing for it but to fight it out with that snake. She used her stick, and she fought it out.

When the airship made its first stop, an anxious pilot and a triumphant passenger disembarked. Before continuing to Australia they removed a yard or so of corpse.

Art

IN America a burglar is a business man with his eye on results; but in France he appears to possess that nice mixture of perception and discrimination associated with the artist.

A young American student, whose struggles had led him to the Latin Quarter, was returning home one midnight through the Paris streets. He was taking his art seriously; so seriously that it was a great event to have in his pockets the means of another day's sustenance. His hands closed over twenty-five francs. Well, he could still eat! The young student whistled exultantly through the darkness. Suddenly a shadow on the left materialized—two shadows emerged from blackness. "Hands up!" came the order, and then with true Latin contempt, "You young American millionaire!" The American student opened his mouth to speak. "Quiet!" warned the second shadow, and the bandits fell to work with genuine French efficiency. They went over him once, they went through him twice. Was it a new kind of American tailoring? Where were the pockets that held all the money? They put it fairly to the young student. He must understand that twenty-five francs was scarcely a sufficient reward for an evening's work. Considering the risk and difficulty of their trade, it was ridiculous! The American was sorry. Twenty-five francs looked more to him, probably, than to them. For himself, he was a student. His risks were not so great, but his rewards were small.

The French bandits, much disturbed, drew apart for consultation. They returned to the young man. "We are sorry," said the spokesman with a sweeping bow, "we apologize—but of course it is necessary that we make something in our business. We return some, we keep the rest. Is that satisfactory?" The bandit pressed five francs into the palm of the young student. "My American brother," he urged, "go and buy yourself a drink."

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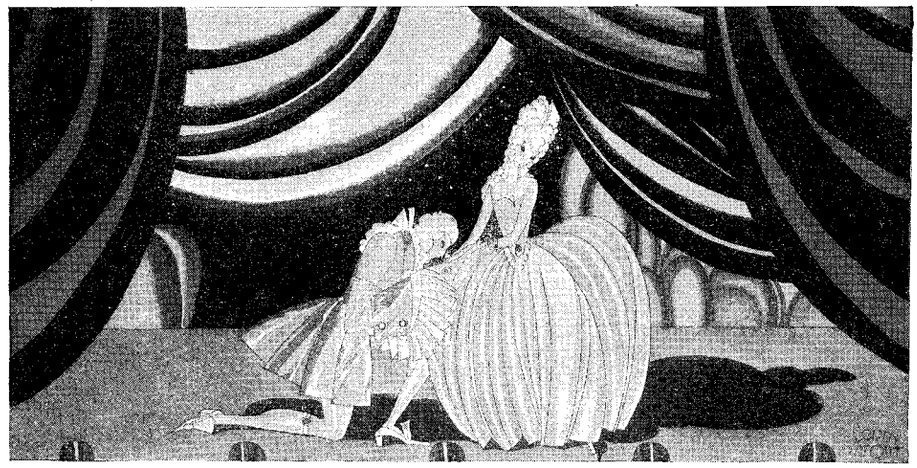
Lights Down: A Review of the Stage



WITH his current production of "The Bachelor Father" Mr. Belasco has joined the ranks of those who try every now and then to shock New York. For the play is built on the idea that a rake who has many illegitimate children during the course of his life is overcome by sentimentality once he is past middle age, and yearns for nothing so much as to gather under one roof his varied brood.

In "The Bachelor Father" this rake, being a wealthy Englishman, sends his secretary to Italy, to Greenwich Village, and to Manchester, in which places three of his progeny, by different mothers, are residing. The secretary succeeds in bringing back to the parental home in Surrey a young musician, a New York telephone girl, and an Italian prima donna's daughter—and the fun, supposedly, is on.

For the only thing the three have in common is a mutual distaste for their father, and a disinclination to stay unless he conforms to their ideas. Whereupon the humor—what there is of it—begins, and, to our minds, ends. Because there isn't any plot. And the interplay of character isn't sufficient to make a good farce, despite the efforts of June Walker and C. Aubrey Smith, who, it must be admitted, worked very hard. Only one flash shows what could have been done with the complications inherent in the idea. And this is when Sir Basil Winterton, the father, having grown very fond of his son, the musician, hears that he is about to lose him—as all parents must lose their children—and proceeds to remonstrate most hotly with him; only to be informed in a letter from his son's mother that the son is not really his at all, but is the offspring of a cavalry officer in India.

As it is, nothing is done with the situation except to make it a peg on which to hang many daring and supposedly shocking remarks which to almost any one over fifteen are not so exciting, after all. To our mind, even the characterization was slightly overdrawn throughout—the telephone girl being too slangy and the prima donna too passionate, Sir Basil impossibly gruff. We were constantly conscious of Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter, the author, writing one line and then sitting back in his chair to "think of a good one." So that the ease of farce was lacking, although the opportunity for wisecracks was always present and, we must admit, taken advantage of, to everyone's satisfaction.

Perhaps we were grumpy, anyway, but we could not get over Mr. Belasco's stupidity in casting a man who could not play the piano—who lacked every instinct of a musician—as an accompanist for a rather excellent young singer who went bravely ahead with the waltz from "La Bohème." Since she was forced to drag behind her the tin-pan, clattering accompaniment of a man who could not play, the only emotion possible was that of sympathy for the singer and a resultant disposition to discount all the beautiful lighting and staging and directing that otherwise characterized the show.

In fact, although we may be hardened on the subject of Rabelaisian humor, and although we must confess that the audience laughed immoderately in many places, still to us "The Bachelor Father" was a paste jewel in a Tiffany window.

Only the books in the bookcase of Sir Basil were real.

IT was a relief, in any event, to see "Cock Robin" at last, and enjoy one more detective story on the stage. For that is a fair description, we think, of this play by Philip Barry and Elmer Rice. First comes an act giving an excellent picture of the dress rehearsal of a costume play by the Hope Valley players (supposedly a group of amateurs), and then the great night itself, with the mimic audience presumably at the back of the stage, beyond the second row of footlights—all this as the preliminary to a clever murder, perpetrated in the midst of the action, by some one on the stage. Follow two acts of detective work before your eyes, with the theatre doors ordered locked and the whole play re-enacted in order to find out who is the murderer.

Memories of "The Spider" may come back to you as you witness the action, but there is sufficient variation and enough clever play-writing to make the action interesting. And the play runs true to form in that suspicion falls first on one character, and then on another. And the *dénouement* is highly satisfactory to everybody. Whereupon nobody is hanged and everybody goes home satisfied.

As a combination of humor and mystery the play is certainly more than mildly diverting, and, to our mind, will appeal most strongly to all who read mystery stories in the small hours of the night. Beyond this it will have a special appeal for all who have ever been engaged in amateur play producing; and we suppose this includes everybody, nowadays. Not even the customary curtain speech (in this case, done most amusingly by Beatrice Herford) is omitted. And the picture of the amateur play done for charity is almost perfect. Considering both plays together, we decided that if we felt very blasé and wished to prove to people that we were highly sophisticated, we would probably go to "The Bachelor Father" and be able to laugh considerably. But, ordinarily, we would prefer "Cock Robin"—always with the proviso that neither play is worthy of being added to the blue-ribbon list.

F. R. B.

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Music and Musicians

Old violins, old operas, and some chamber music

By EUGENE BONNER

"I was living in the forest; the cruel ax did slay me. Living, I was mute; dead, I sweetly sing."
(Translation of a violin label of the sixteenth century.)

THE Grand Gala Concert with a "Capella" formed in honor of the great master luthiers of the world, playing world-famous instruments from the renowned Rodman Wanamaker Collection, accompanied by the combined string players of the Philadelphia Orchestra and the Philharmonic Society of New York, under the musical direction of Tullio Serafin, which took place last Tuesday evening at the Metropolitan Opera House before a specially invited audience, was one long to be remembered for its unique character as well as for the very great pleasure it gave to those so fortunate as to have been able to be present on that occasion.

Violins, violas, and violoncellos, some dating from the sixteenth century, made by Stradivarius (among them the "Swan," famous as the last violin made by him in 1737, the year of his death), Guadagnini, Goffriller, Amati, and other famous makers of stringed instruments, were used by the principals in this concert. The program included compositions of Handel, Corelli, Geminiani, Bossi, Locatelli, and Bach, including the last-named composer's Concerto for Three Pianos and Strings, the solo parts being brilliantly played by Olga Samaroff, Rudolph Ganz, and Ernest Schelling.

The exquisite tone quality of these marvelous instruments was demonstrated with skill by Mischa Mischakoff, Scipione Guidi, and the other soloists, while the blending of tone with the combined string orchestras was remarkable when one took into consideration that all these principals were playing on instruments not their own, and with which they'd had little chance to become familiar.

Mr. Serafin conducted with brilliance and a sympathetic understanding both of the great music and of these lovely instruments for which this music was written nearly three centuries ago.

IT seems a great pity that such an organization as the London String Quartet, which plays with such delicacy and *finesse,* should give only one local concert this season, and that one in a hangar, for Carnegie Hall has all the charm and intimacy of one of those constructions.

Their concert last Sunday afternoon consisted of the Schubert A Minor Quartet, that of Dohnanyi in D Flat, and H. Waldo Warner's Fairy Suite "The Pixy Ring," the last by the viola player of this fine organization.

Beauty of tone, good intonation (except for a few moments in the Schubert number), and a complete absence of dryness in its playing make this organization a most satisfying one to listen to. "The Pixy Ring" in particular was beautifully done, and the applause would not be silenced until two encores had been added to the program, one of them being Frank Bridge's arrangement of "Cherry Ripe." Let us hope that we can hear this group of players again soon, and in somewhat less spacious quarters!

CAROLYN BEEBE and the New York Chamber Music Society gave us another one of their interesting "Sunday Salons" at the Hotel Plaza.

Commencing with the Mozart "Divertimento" in D Major, we came to the César Franck Piano Quintet in F Minor, which was given a sympathetic as well as spirited reading with Miss Beebe herself at the piano. The Quintet for wood-wind and brass by Theodor H. Blumer which followed was an altogether delightful affair, with its pseudo-pastoral atmosphere and its rather mischievous variations in the second movement. The four songs of Henry Hadley with accompaniment for small orchestra were charming if unimportant, and were well sung by Mrs. Hadley.

The intimate atmosphere of these gatherings together with the small-sized auditorium make the concerts unique, and the collation and *conversazione* which follow the musical activities is not the least of the attractions of these Sunday Salons.

THE Metropolitan gave its one and only performance this season of "Rheingold" last Friday afternoon as part of the Wagner Cycle. What a pity this wonderful little opera isn't given oftener! By cutting it in half it becomes perfectly practical for an evening performance. At the Paris Opéra we have heard it so given and followed by the Ravel "L'Heure Espagnole." The Metropolitan might easily do the same.

Gertrude Kappel was a beautiful Fricka, although the music does not lie well for her voice, and Schorr was a dignified and commanding Wotan. One envies these characters their *al fresco* sleeping arrangements and their toilette, which bothers them about as much as it would a couple of cats. Mr. Kirchhoff was a fine Loge and Fred Patton made a good impression on his début, as Donner. Karin Branzell, rising on Mother Erda's dumb-waiter, and the three Rhine-maidens—Editha Fleischer, Phradie Wells, and Marion Telva—sailing through the air (or water) on their wires were effective vocally and acrobatically. Mr. Bodanzky's conducting of this gem among operas was adequate without reaching to any great heights.

THE American Opera Company brought forward von Flotow's "Martha" as the final production of their season. It was a wise move, as such an opera is particularly well adapted to a company the principal asset of which is a youthful enthusiasm which carries the audience as well as the artists over many of the thorny paths that a young organization must travel.

To say that the gallant little company gave a performance that approached musically those we have heard with Hempel, Homer, and Caruso at the Metropolitan would be manifestly absurd. On the other hand, the situations and dialogue were far more appreciated at the Gallo Theatre than we ever knew them to be at the larger house, for the very good reason that the audience was hearing the opera in its own language, and therefore had no need of fumbling frantically to try to make head or tail out of one of those masterpieces called librettos which generally read like the supreme effort of a half-cracked brain.

The principals on this occasion were quite equal to their tasks, and Emanuel Balaban, conducting for the first time this season, had the young fry far better in hand than they have been of late.

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The Movies

By A. M SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Crowd"

KING VIDOR is a perfectly swell director, and no mistake. No man now wielding a megaphone has more idea of how human beings really look and behave and none has a greater gift for making actors seem like real people.

If you will look back to "The Big Parade," we think you will agree that the outstanding feature of that mammoth success was the uncanny reality of its characters.

Of course, Laurence Stallings, who wrote "The Big Parade," is no mean analyst himself; but if Mr. Vidor hadn't been able to interpret Mr. Stallings to the actors an epic film might have been only an average one.

In "The Crowd" Mr. Vidor has to do without the glamour and excitement of war and limn the humdrum treadmill of peace. He has a dismal, sordid story of failure and futility to contend with, but he can't object, because he wrote part of it himself. Mr. John V. A. Weaver did the rest, unless one yields to the well-nigh unquenchable impulse to mention Maxwell Anderson, who wrote "Saturday's Children."

Thinking himself head and shoulders above it, the young man of this picture finds himself only one of the crowd—the hopelessly mediocre crowd. He and his wife go through one depressing experience after another, ranging from the death of a child to trouble with the plumbing. Mr. Vidor figures out just what real people would do in the various circumstances, and James Murray and Eleanor Boardman do it. That's all there is to the picture, except that the comedy relief is sometimes so lifelike as to be embarrassing.

Young Mr. Murray's portrayal of the leading part is worthy of Mr. Vidor's splendid direction. Whether you enjoy the picture or are completely cast down by it, you can't fail to be impressed by Murray's unfailingly intelligent and, at times, inspiring playing of a very exacting part.

"The Last Moment"

MR. PAUL FEJOS, author, director, and promoter of this modernistic film, frankly avows his belief that the motion picture should be first of all an appeal to the eye. The foreword to

"The Last Moment" quotes a distinguished French cinematographer as saying that the camera should be a vast disembodied orb roving over the world and snapping at those objects which have visual interest.

With this there can be no quarrel; the motion picture should, without doubt, be pictorial. But the fact remains that the camera, for all its scope, is a one-dimensional recorder of things visual and that the human eye can do more tricks in a minute than a movie camera can dig up in twelve reels.

In the past few years film-goers have seen the camera roll over, stand on its head, and beg for its piece of fish until, frankly, these tricks are old stuff. "The Last Moment" and similar pictures invite owners of human eyes to come and gasp at this photographic hocus-pocus and forget that there is such a thing as mental stimulus. As science it may still be worth the doing, but as entertainment it isn't good enough.

"The Last Moment" has, it is true, a plot of sorts. Its single subtitle explains the projected action by citing the drowning man's propensity to live over his entire life in the last moment of existence. A clutching hand is shown above a watery grave; then a series of images with the face of a Pierrot recurring most often. After that the picture takes us through a series of incidents in a man's life; he leaves home, knocks around on a tramp schooner, becomes an actor. He marries and is divorced. He marries again and his second wife dies. When the news of her approaching demise reaches him, he is in the theatre, playing a sort of "Pagliacci" part, and he rushes to her bedside with his make-up on. Finding her dead, he drowns himself, still in costume. And that face which he sees most frequently in the last moment is his own. He's an actor.

"The Latest from Paris"

NORMA SHEARER is a winsome girl and an accomplished actress; and the Messrs. George Sidney, Ralph Forbes, and Bert Roach are all excellent in their respective branches of the pantomimic art. In "The Latest from Paris" these performers impersonate various cogs in the great cloak-and-suit machine, which, as we all know, is the mother industry of the infant motion-picture game. This story, however, stops at cloaks and suits. Miss Shearer is a young traveling saleswoman for Blogg & Littauer, and Mr. Forbes makes the same sleeper jumps for a rival house.

The tenuous little story of their rivalry in business and final capitulation to each other's charms is nicely told and doesn't take itself too seriously. Of course, it's been done before—notably in a film called "Silk Stockings"—but then it seems to be a major tenet in Hollywood that what's worth doing is worth doing twice.

"Soft Living"

MADGE BELLAMY impersonates in this, her latest picture, the stenographer of a successful divorce lawyer.

She sees lady client after lady client enriched by alimony and tasting the delights of soft living. "They get a thousand a week," she reflects, "for having failed at their jobs, while I get thirty-five a week for making good at mine."

So she hooks a young man with money, simply so that she can divorce him later and live softly on his alimony. But she falls in love with him and—well, there you are. There are some amusing things in the picture and a few really funny subtitles. When this occurs, hats should be jumped up and down upon and bunting displayed.

Miss Bellamy takes two baths, in case you're interested; one is comic, the other is just a straight bath.

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By W. R. BROOKS

A MAN we had never met before remarked to us the other day that our home was twice as dry as the Desert of Sahara. At first, like every good American, we were inclined to resent the imputation. Then we wondered if he was perhaps a dry agent congratulating us on insufficient evidence. But he was neither of these. It turned out that he knew all about atmospheric humidity, and what could be done in modern super-heated homes and offices to counteract the injurious effect of too little moisture in the air. We have always known that our house is too dry in winter, and to remedy this we keep two fruit-jars full of water inside the piano and several shallow pans of water on top of the bookcases. But this, he said, was nothing like enough. To keep a proper humidity ten to fifteen gallons of water should be evaporated in a small house every day.

This sounded like a lot to us. We had an immediate mental picture of walls and furniture covered with a light dew, and of water flying up when we stepped on a rug. But then he explained. The relative humidity of the air is the percentage to which it is saturated with water. For our own health, and for the longer life of our furniture and rugs and belongings, we should have in our homes, at 68° Fahrenheit, a relative humidity of 40 to 50 per cent. But the average is below 20 per cent, drier than any desert in the world.

This is the reason. Air at 70° holds sixteen times as much water as air at zero. In cold weather we draw this dry air into our homes, heat it, and expect it to make us comfortable. It doesn't—it's too dry. We all know that from every-day experience. So we put pans of water around, back of radiators or in registers. This may relieve our minds, but it doesn't really do much good. At least so this man told us, and we believe him. We have seen flowers wilt quickly in our living-room, and we remember how our Panama hat turned yellow and cracked when we kept it in a bureau drawer all one winter. Every one can consult his own experience for confirmatory items.

There are a number of devices on the market for increasing the relative humidity. Some of them are probably better than others. We have seen only one, and, as we believe it is a good one, we want to tell you about it. There are several types, but they all attach to the water system, and consist of a chamber in which the air passes through a fine spray which washes and saturates it. They can be installed in the wall of a room, leaving nothing exposed but two small registers to admit and release the air. They operate simply, can be turned off when you are away, and there is no upkeep expense.

Aside from the increase in humidity there are several minor advantages. Dust, tobacco smoke, and cooking odors are washed out of the air. Your antique chair won't fall to pieces suddenly under a guest, owing to the drying out of the glue that holds it together. Flowers will last longer, your rugs and draperies will have a much longer life, and the plaster in your walls is much less likely to crack. Also, it's not expensive. We haven't bought one yet, but we're pretty sure we're going to before next winter.

WE were given the other day what we thought was a jade cigarette-holder. Having expressed our thanks in a few neat phrases, we were informed that the material was not jade at all. "It's really cheese," said our informant. We expressed astonishment. We said, "H'm!" which is the way we express astonishment and a little disbelief. The holder was odorless. We bit it and it resisted the tooth. But our informant was firm. "I have known you many years," he said. "I know that you believe the moon is made of green cheese. Don't deny it—I know you do. And so I don't see why you can't accept this holder."

We had no intention of not accepting the holder, so we put it in our pocket and assumed an expression of polite interest as he continued: "The material, actually, is made of skim milk. It is a sort of synthetic horn. It's non-inflammable, and it can be made in any color or shade, opaque or translucent, as well in grained and mottled effects, to imitate tortoise-shell, ivory, mother-of-pearl, or marble. It is used for buttons and fountain pens and poker chips and the handles for kitchen utensils and percolators and so on that you wrote about a month or so ago."

"You mean," we said, "that if we were wrecked on a desert island with a fountain pen and a cigarette-holder and a box of poker chips made out of this stuff, and if the cocoanut palms weren't bearing that year, and if we dove off the reef and didn't find any oysters, we could sustain life by eating these things?" "No," he said; "don't be silly." We like to be silly, but our friends don't seem to like it much, so we stopped being it, and then later we went and looked at some more of the things that are being made of this new material, which is called Karolith. We saw lampshades which looked like colored translucent glass, but which were lighter in weight and unbreakable. We saw toilet sets and boxes and desk sets in one of the best imitations of tortoise-shell we have ever seen. There were steak sets with blades of stainless steel and handles in a variety of good colors, and table tops of imitation marble, and switch plates and paper-knives and bracelets and umbrella handles and dozens of other things, all of them interesting and some of them beautiful. We liked them particularly because it seems romantic to us somehow to adorn a beautiful arm with a bracelet made of milk.

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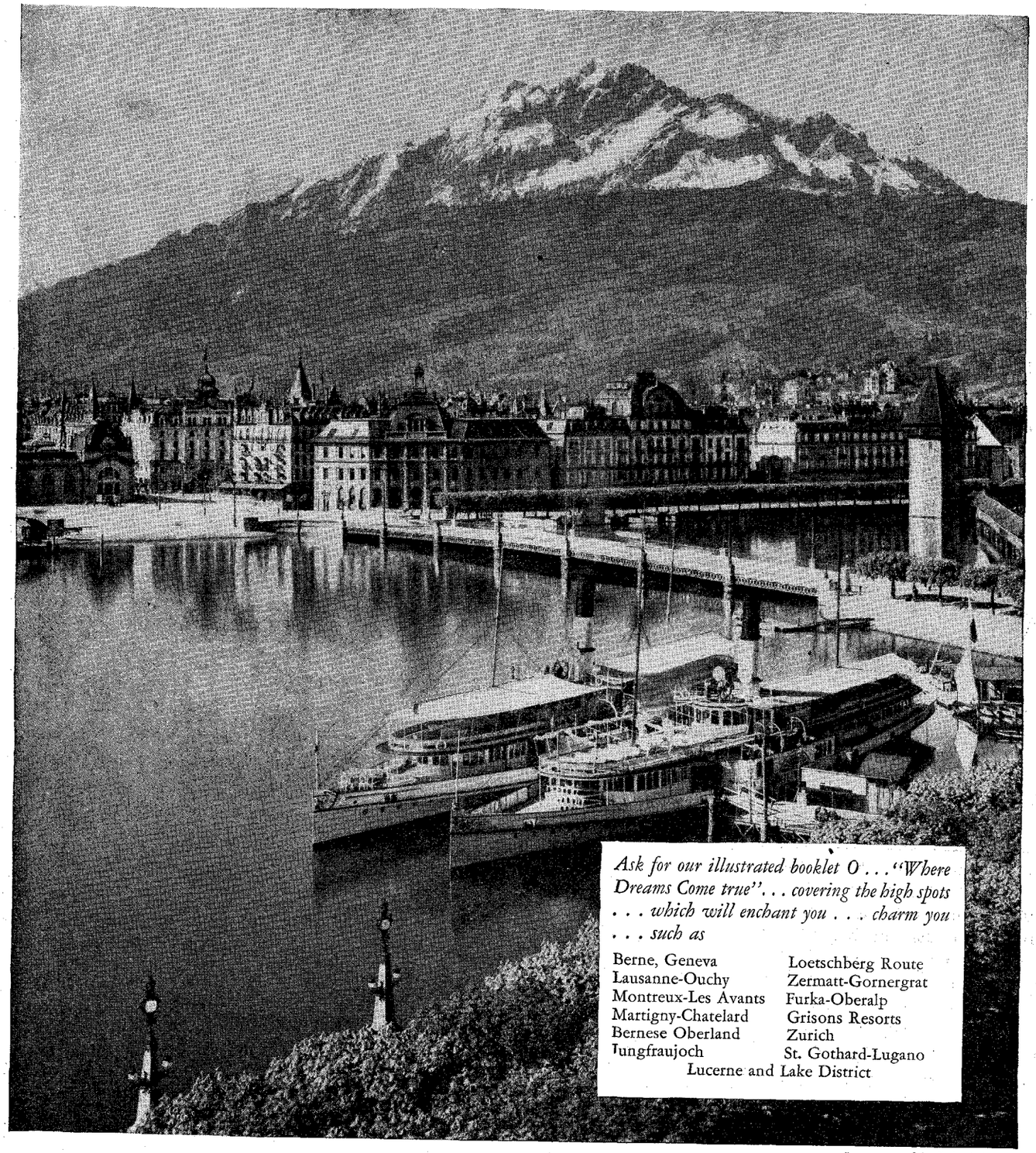

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EXPERT SERVICE

The Movies

(*See page 425*)

"The Battles of Coronel and Falkland Islands."—A British film; heartily recommended.
"Beau Sabreur."—The so-called sequel to "Beau Geste." Lots of sand, but no ginger.
"Chicago."—A meaty, amusing melodrama with a big performance by Phyllis Haver.
"The Circus."—Charlie Chaplin. Drop everything and go.
"The Crowd."—In this issue.
"The Divine Woman."—Greta Garbo looks lovely and tries hard.
"Drums of Love."—D. W. Griffith is himself again.
"Four Sons."—A big Fox feature. Lots of fine work, lots of hokum.
"The Gaucho."—Douglas Fairbanks in an outsize picture.
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."—Laughs and pretty girls and pretty vague.
"A Girl in Every Port."—Victor MacLaglen gets all balled up, and so does the plot.
"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson and the Vitaphone are thrilling; the picture isn't much.
"The Last Command."—The mighty Jannings, with a good story, good direction, and good support.
"The Last Moment."—In this issue.
"The Latest from Paris."—In this issue.
"Love Me and the World is Mine."—Directed by Dupont, who should know better.
"Simba."—A fine, wild animal picture. See it.
"Soft Living."—In this issue.
"The Student Prince."—A Lubitsch production, and a good one. Ramón Navarro, Norma Shearer, and Jean Hersholt.
"Sunrise."—The year's best picture.
"That's My Daddy."—Reginald Denny is always likable.
"Wings."—A splendid war picture, marred by the well-meant efforts of Clara Bow.

Business and Finance

Giannini Comes to Wall Street

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

"THE three great men in the world," fervently declared a Californian of Italian descent as he bought more stock of the Bancitaly Corporation, "are the Pope, Mussolini, and Giannini."

The last of these, Amadeo P. Giannini, fifty-eight years old, six feet one inch in height, and weighing 180 pounds, one of the most vital, distinctive personalities in the business world, has just dashed off another exciting page in American financial history by acquiring for his Bancitaly Corporation the Bank of America, one of the country's five oldest banks. Giannini interests have been in New York since 1919, but this purchase brings them into Wall Street seriously for the first time.

In California and in many families which stem back to Italy the amazing story of Giannini and his institutions is as familiar as that of Lindbergh and his exploits. And the legend will spread much farther.

At the age of twelve this son of an Italian immigrant was attending school during the day and working in a San Francisco produce firm most of the night (from one or two in the morning until the opening of school). At nineteen he was a member of the firm, and at thirty-one he had retired with a comfortable fortune. Casual but highly successful real estate operations brought him on the board of directors of a bank. When some of his suggestions were rebuffed, he put them into practice himself in the Bank of Italy, which he founded in 1904. He became locally famous at the time of the 1906 earthquake by scooping his cash and securities out of the flames, resuming business while the ruins still smoldered, and being the first to lend funds for reconstruction. He augmented this fame by storing up gold before the panic of 1907; his was the only bank in the State then that could pay every demand for gold.

Today the Bank of Italy has 289 branches in 165 California cities and towns, with 5,000 employees, 60,000 stockholders, and 1,500,000 clients, including 150,000 school-children depositors. It is the biggest American bank outside of New York, its deposits totaling nearly $700,000,000. Most of the profits go to the employees, and Giannini hopes that eventually they will own the bank. His hopes are seldom vain.

At the request of the Italian Chamber of Commerce, he purchased the New York East River National Bank, later amalgamated with the Bowery Bank, for the Bancitaly Corporation, a holding company formed specifically for that purpose. The Corporation has evolved into the greatest of all investment trusts, with holdings in banking and other enterprises all over the world. The sensational rise in the price of its shares has made thousands rich.

Retiring from the presidency of the Bank of Italy in 1925, Giannini has since devoted most of his time to the Bancitaly Corporation, and one of his chief labors has been to prevent its shares from going too high. In California, particularly, thousands of men and women purchase them with every cent they can beg or borrow, and the possible consequence of the collapse of such a bubble are not pleasant to contemplate.

"I don't think they are too high now," he told the writer a few days ago, "but I am afraid they will be. It's a terrible responsibility to have so many people believe in you."

Personal generosity on a colossal scale has better news value than business achievement, and Giannini is consequently most famous, outside financial circles, for his ideas about wealth.

"I could have piled up fifteen or twenty millions," he said, and the estimate was a modest one, "but what's the use? That much would be a nuisance. I'm happy. What would I do with more?"

Last year he gave $1,500,000 outright to the University of California. His personal fortune probably does not exceed $500,000.

What investors who have followed his career think of his ability is well illustrated by the rise in the price of the stock of the Bank of America since the first airing of the rumor of its acquisition by the Bancitaly. Four days before the deal was announced the price was below $400. A week later it had mounted to $636.

The Bank of America is to absorb the Bowery and East River Bank and the shares of the combination are to be distributed to Bancitaly stockholders, so that nominal control will be widely distributed. The transaction, moreover, does not represent the invasion of New York by the Giannini interests. They

(*Please turn to continuation, page 431*)

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In the Day's Work

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE Mississippi was rising sullenly—ripping jagged crevasses in even the most stoutly built levees, inundating wide areas of farm lands, making thousands homeless.

At one of the many towns facing the crisis, a break came spreading ruin through the streets. A government steamer rescued 900 refugees, but the four telephone operators refused to forsake their posts. The telephone company notified the operators that they were not expected to stay. Friends warned them to leave at once. They decided to remain on duty, and the exchange was the only thing in town that continued to carry on.

The world hears little of "the spirit of service" until times of emergency and disaster . . . when a flood on the Mississippi or in New England, a storm in Florida or St. Louis commands the attention of the whole nation. But behind the scenes this spirit is always present. Each hour of every day, telephone calls of life or death importance speed over the wires of the nation-wide system, and telephone users confidently rely upon the loyalty and devotion to duty of the men and women who make this service possible.

"Get the message through." That is the daily work of the more than 310,000 Bell System employees.

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Tell Me a Story[1]

Original tales remembered from childhood to tell to children

Conducted by HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Frank W. Peers

ACROSS the hall from Grandmother's room was a chamber furnished with her own belongings—pieces made in the early eighteen hundreds by her farmer and cabinet-maker father, and a great old-fashioned feather bed where, as a special treat, little Anne, Grandmother's namesake, with her brother and sister, were sometimes allowed to sleep. What fun to climb up and sink deep into the feathers! Then, best of all, Grandmother came in to tell the same beloved little stories that Mother had once snuggled down into that same bed to hear. They were all of her own father's and mother's younger days, when New England was a wild country of wolves and Indians, and even children faced real hardships.

Grown-up Anne still lives in the Connecticut home of her childhood. Grandmother has gone, but her namesake has never forgotten her stories—quaint little pictures of another century, so close and yet so remote from our own.

Feather-Bed Stories

As remembered by Anne M. Rust, an Outlook reader

Great-Grandfather's Little Dinner-Pail

WHEN your great-grandfather was a little boy, he lived on a farm in Massachusetts. Houses were far apart then, and he had to walk more than a mile to school.

One morning he woke up to see a deep snow with a crust on top. But he couldn't stay home from school for that. His mother bundled him up extra warm, gave him his little dinner-pail filled with good things to eat, and he started off.

Everything looked queer and different—the fences he knew so well were buried under snow, and drifts made strange little hills up and down everywhere. But it was fun to slide along on the top crust, and he was feeling very gay when suddenly down he went, right through the crust, and into snow above his head.

The funny thing was that his hat stayed on top just at the spot where he had fallen through.

All he could see was snow; snow filled his mouth and his eyes and his nose, but he held on tight to his little dinner-pail and thought: "Well, anyway, I won't starve."

Presently Farmer Jones came slipping along the crust from the next farm.

"Somebody's old hat," he thought, and gave Great-Grandfather's hat a kick. Then, to his surprise, he noticed a hole, and when he looked down there was a little boy's head!

He had Great-Grandfather out in a jiffy.

"What were you going to do if nobody came along?" he asked.

"Why," said Great-Grandfather, "I was going to eat what's in my little dinner-pail and then see what happened next."

When the teacher heard what a brave boy he had been, she was glad to excuse him for being late. And when lunch-time came I'm sure the things in that little dinner-pail tasted extra good!

The Wolf

AFTER your great-grandfather grew up and married your great-grandmother, they had three little children. Their house was far away from neighbors, so whenever Father went away Mother and babies were left all alone.

One night, when Great-Grandfather was in Boston on business, Great-Grandmother put her children to bed in a room opening out of the living-room, and sat down before the big fireplace, listening, and hoping her husband would get home that night. It was cold, and one of the little glass panes in the window was broken, but Great-Grandmother had stuffed it with an old hat.

Presently she heard a strange noise outside. As she couldn't see through the frost on the panes, she stole over softly and took out the hat. Then what do you think happened? A *wolf* touched his cold nose to her face!

Quickly Great-Grandmother stuffed the hat back in the window, and, running to the fireplace, she built a great blazing fire, for wolves are all afraid of fire. All night the wolves howled and prowled outside, but Great-Grandmother only piled on more logs and hoped and prayed that Great-Grandfather would not come home that night—for the wolves would surely eat him.

It was a long, long night, but next morning the wolves had gone back to the woods, and that afternoon Great-Grandfather came home safe and sound. As for the little children, they never knew a word about it till long afterwards, for they had been fast asleep all the time!

The Good Indian

WHERE Great-Grandfather and Great-Grandmother lived, long ago, there were not only wild beasts but Indians—good Indians and bad Indians. With so many wolves and bears and savages around, farmers always carried their guns along when they went to work in the fields.

Sometimes at haying time, when he needed extra hands, Great-Grandfather used to ask one of the good Indians to help. One day when the men were busy haying the good Indian called to Great-Grandfather to come nearer him. When he did, the Indian said he saw some strange bushes down by the river that had never been there before. Great-Grandfather looked, and he thought so too. He took his gun, and they both watched. Presently the good Indian said he had better shoot straight into the bushes quickly.

Great-Grandfather took aim and shot, and a great tall wicked-looking Indian leaped up, stood a moment, and fell over backwards, dead. His bow and arrow fell beside him. He had tied branches of trees around him to look like bushes and was creeping nearer and nearer the house. Very likely, more bad Indians were hiding in the woods ready to spring out, but the sound of Great-Grandfather's gun had frightened them away.

Although Great-Grandfather did everything he could for that Indian as long as he lived, he never felt he could pay him enough for saving him and his family from a terrible death.

[1] The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available. They should be told as simply as possible in the language one would use in talking to a child.

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Our Own Theatre List

(See page 423)

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.

"Escape," Booth.—Galsworthy's melodrama; an English gentleman, escaped from prison, plays hare to the constables' hounds in many exciting situations; Leslie Howard; what would you do if he took refuge with you?

"The Ivory Door," Charles Hopkins.—Fantasy; mediæval fairy tale, telling the truth about human nature; Henry Hull and good company; one of the best things in town.

"The Doctor's Dilemma," Guild.—Farce, comedy, including a death scene; Shaw's fling at the doctors and people who think their own morality the only one; Alfred Lunt; better than ever.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.

"The Royal Family," Selwyn.—Comedy; home hubbub of a family of famous theatrical stars; fairly well acted; so funny that it sometimes isn't real enough to be as good as it should be.

"Porgy," Republic.—Folk-play; Negro life along Charleston water-front; real Negroes; a gorgeous thing, if simply for its pastel colors and primitive music.

"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Comedy, melodrama; vaudeville actors running a small-town hotel; James and Lucile Gleason; good hard-boiled sentiment and some music.

"The Queen's Husband," Playhouse.—Modern light comedy; royalty in a mythical kingdom; Roland Young; Sherwood's most subtle humor.

"Marco Millions," Guild Theatre.—Satirical comedy; O'Neill's beautiful spectacle of Marco Polo's trip to Venice and China; the immature West meeting the wisdom of the East.

"Strange Interlude," John Golden.—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tom Powers and Lynne Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.

"Our Betters," Henry Miller's Theatre.—Ina Claire in a drawing-room comedy by Somerset Maugham; entertaining, deft, and excellently acted.

Best Musical Shows

"Funny Face," Alvin.—The Astaires, Gershwin music; best on Broadway.

"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—Better than Ziegfeld's good ones.

"Manhattan Mary," Apollo.—Ed Wynn. What more? Well, not much.

"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.

"Rain or Shine," George M. Cohan.—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.

Business and Finance

(Continued from page 428)

have been there for nine years. In practice, however, Giannini policies will control the Bank of America and the Giannini influence will be felt much more powerfully in the financial district than it could have been through the Bowery and East River.

The important Manhattan bankers respect the newcomer highly. They appreciate the sociological effect of his entrance. In the eyes of the rest of the country, New York's financial leaders have been a rigidly exclusive class, holding themselves aloof from the rest of the business world. Now Giannini, the son of an Italian immigrant, becomes one of them.

The big bankers are glad to have Giannini among them for other reasons. They are glad to see an institution with the background of the Bank of America pass into his virtual control. Many of his business-getting methods are novel and striking, but his banking policies are as sound and as conservative as any in the country, and the recent history of the Bank of America has not been too happy. They feel, too, that his general influence will be a healthy one. Wall Street banks are, on the whole, thoroughly admirable, but they all do not have the same inspired, single-minded, and sincere leadership that is enjoyed by the Bank of Italy.

If there is any danger inherent in the growth of the Giannini institutions, aside from the possibility that superlative confidence may be translated into excessive speculation, it is that the leader will be unable to maintain his influence over his far-flung interests, that some of his subordinates may get out of hand. Giannini believes devoutly that this is no danger at all.

"I have the greatest organization in the world," he said, "the ablest and the most loyal. In the Bank of Italy alone are a hundred men who could run almost any bank."

The great banker has retired twice already, once when he left the produce firm and once when he left the presidency of the Bank of Italy. He says now that he will retire in 1930, on his sixtieth birthday, and devote the closing years of his life to rest and travel. But no one believes him.

Rest for this cyclonic individual seems out of the question, but it is not impossible that he will travel—from San Francisco to New York. As a California banker and the guiding genius of the greatest investment trust of the world he may in the next two years reach almost the limit of possible achievement. What would be more in keeping with his career than for him to move his headquarters to New York and, setting out on another adventure, try to win for himself or, as he would say, for his organization, a position south of Fulton Street as preeminent as that which he holds today in California?

". . . it costs to raise a cow about what it does a chicken . . ."

SINCE that homely aphorism was printed in the *Texas Almanac* of 1858, values have grown in the 265,896 square miles of this largest state.

The "Lone Star" still is the leading beef cattle producer, but with land values forcing ranch and Long Horn into stock farm and Hereford. Industry and agriculture, too, have taken many forward steps.

For construction work during 1927, I. C. C. permits indicated greater railroad building in Texas than in any other section of the United States.

Texas has petroleum, gas, lignite and timber, superabundant; raw materials, on a larger scale, for practically all major classifications of manufacture; aggressive population, surplus wealth, fast growing industries; cheap power, great cities and fine ports. Texas offers opportunities for investors . . . typical of the *New* South . . . as stable as American investments can be.

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Count Hermann Keyserling

A Snap-Shot of a Lecturing Philosopher

By HARRY SALPETER

A EUROPEAN celebrity who comes to America and plays the lecture racket for all it is worth is not necessarily a charlatan or a hypocrite. He may merely be making hay while the sun is propitious. You cannot fool all the people all the time, because for all the people sensations must be short-lived, and even a European celebrity who operates on the motive force of the sublimest hokum cannot have a very long life on the lecture platform. Partly out of baffled emulation, even his victims will humorously justify the celebrity who gets it while the getting is good. You write down such a celebrity as a charlatan or a hypocrite only when his idealistic pretensions are shriekingly at war with his ardor for the American dollar.

Count Hermann Keyserling, metaphysical philosopher, who has been conducting a more or less profitable quest for self-realization and self-perfection, author of "The Travel Diary of a Philosopher" and "The World in the Making," director of that symposium called "The Book of Marriage," and head of the School of Wisdom at Darmstadt, is neither a charlatan nor a hypocrite, whatever impression he may convey. If a conflict does seem to be raging within him between pretense and reality; between what he represents himself to be and what he says he seeks, on the one hand, and what he is and what he truly wants, on the other, that conflict is only evidence of the contradictions within him which he is with more or less effort attempting to resolve. In view of the fact that he is seeking self-perfection, he is admittedly some distance from that perfection which he has set as his goal.

COUNT KEYSERLING—he is Count by virtue of title and lands in Estonia which were confiscated in the Russian Revolution—is now engaged in a lecture tour at the reported price of $1,000 a lecture. The price is incidental. He arrived in New York the first week in January, heralded by a reputation as intuitive philosopher, as metaphysician, as one who bespoke harmonization of the individual as a condition precedent to self-perfection. He came as one whose vision was bent inwardly, not on material rewards and significances. Through "The Travel Diary of a Philosopher" we had learned of his great gift for reproducing in himself the psychic states of Confucian and Buddhist priests. We had learned also of his contempt for materialistic America. We knew that he was Teutonic, but the image which advance notices conjured up for us was that of a mild and contemplative Yogi sitting under a banyan tree and indulging in that harmless concentration on the umbilicus which is supposed to induce the rapt condition known as Nirvana.

Within a few days after his landing I discovered what was wrong with *that* picture. To begin with, it was too simple. I may be inclined to an opposing kind of simplicity. Physically, he is a giant. Merely to visualize him in a condition of relaxed meditation, of surrender to pure thought, is ludicrous—no matter how consistently he may have proved his capacity for pure thought. He is tall and broad-shouldered, energetic, restless, vital. There is in his body the strength of the Teuton and in his face something of that quality we have been taught in the West to identify as Tartar craft. His face is that of the good liver, in the sense in which that phrase is generally understood. I am speaking merely of appearance, which, as Count Keyserling must know, is so often at variance with reality. It is easier to picture him as a feudal lord with a whip among his slaves than as a philosopher of any school.

He spoke rapidly, in bursts, in an English which, however grammatical, was yet so individually accented that it was difficult to understand what he meant. He seemed to expand or contract as I expressed comprehension and agreement, or doubt and distrust. In the first case, he would almost beam upon me, showing me his strong teeth and laughing loudly; in the other, he would withdraw ever so slightly. His anxiety about the publication of my interview with him seemed eminently unmetaphysical; so also did his desire to keep the page of a morning paper in which was published his photograph and the account of his arrival. I did not think that philosophers cared about such things.

BEFORE the interview had proceeded for any length I was to discover what egotism resided in this reputed world philosopher. "What philosophy do you bring to America?" I asked him, and he answered in this wise:

"I have no philosophy in the abstract. I am conscious of a spiritual reality apart from facts. I see on the spiritual plane. I bring spiritual reality—the reality of the soul as opposed to the eighteenth-century conception of the abstract man. . . . It is the inmost soul in every man which is unique. It is the value of that soul which we must appreciate. . . . No human being can be classified so long as he has a soul, for the soul is unique, and so I don't like to be regarded only as a philosopher."

He had intended to retire into a Korean monastery, but changed his mind. During the interview he referred to the possibility of ending his days in seclusion and contemplation, in a monastery perhaps. "How soon will you retire?" I asked.

"I will not retire so long as I see that I am necessary to the world. One has to live in the world for some part of one's life. I want self-expression. I am striving to give my soul expression, and because my gift is that of understanding that gift turns out to be something like philosophy." In his "Travel Diary" he has given this justification: "The impulse which drives me into the wide world is precisely the same as that which drives so many into monasteries: the desire for self-realization." And on the following page: "I began to become 'Personality.' And thus I recognized how wise Pythagoras and Plato had been in extending their wanderings right into the later stages of their mature manhood. The inevitable process of crystallization must be averted as long as possible; as long as possible Proteus must remain Protean because only men with a Protean nature are called to the priesthood of metaphysics. I therefore determined to return to the world." Sublime resignation! He informed me that he wrote the fat chapter on India in "The Travel Diary" after having been in that country but one day, indubitable proof, I suppose, that he possesses the intuitive gift, the exercise of

(*Please turn to continuation, page 440*)

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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

THE books in greatest demand are usually those most discussed. The following list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by eight book-shops each week. These particular book-shops were chosen because we think that they reflect the tastes of the more representative readers. These shops are as follows:

New York—Brentano's.
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood.
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney.
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Co.
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company.
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. In this book widely divergent lives are brought to the same, simultaneous end, thus giving the author the opportunity to unite in a pattern otherwise unrelated character studies. It is a wise and moving account of the workings of God's providence, beautifully written. Its popularity speaks well for our discrimination as readers. Reviewed by Mary Shirley, January 4.

"Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co. You will enjoy this fine comedy of manners. It is the story of two sisters. One makes a marriage of convenience into a true marriage; the other carries her marriage of passion into tragedy. Some characters from "The Duchess of Wrexe" reappear in a brilliant London setting. The dialogue, the satire, and the human sympathy are Walpole at his best.

"Red Rust," by Cornelia J. Cannon. Little, Brown & Co. This story of the fight of a young farmer against the wheat blight, his triumph, and his death at the hands of one whom he has befriended is a story tragic in tone, marked by deep sincerity and able characterization. You will find it reminiscent, perhaps, but well worth reading.

"Claire Ambler," by Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Doran & Co. The typical and painfully realistic flapper and flirt at sixteen, twenty, and twenty-five, breaking hearts at home and abroad, and emerging unscathed, to become a "fine American woman." Reviewed January 25.

"Meat," by Wilbur Daniel Steele. Harper & Brothers. Reviewed in this issue.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. Those who enjoyed "Ariel" will want to read this and the change of subject from revolutionary poet to imperialistic statesman need not deter them. Disraeli, a romantic figure of an almost fictional type, is a happy choice for an imaginative biography. Maurois breathes life into the Victorian political figures. Reviewed by Lawrence F. Abbott, February 22.

"Count Luckner, the Sea Devil," by Lowell Thomas. Doubleday, Doran & Co. This exciting story of the gallant German privateer of the World War, a figure of the everlasting romance of the high seas, makes good reading for adventure lovers. Reviewed January 4.

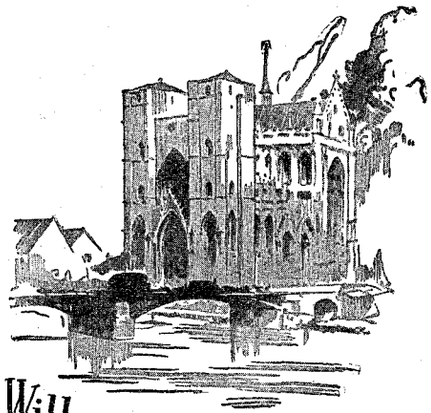
"Napoleon," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. You will find this engrossing biography a fine foot-note to the Napoleonic period. Reviewed November 9.

"We," by Charles A. Lindbergh. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The young hero's story of his life is a direct, simple, and often moving account. It deserves a permanent place among boys' books and with the "inspirational" reading for which librarians are always looking. Reviewed August 17.

"A Son of Mother India Answers," by Dhan Gopal Mukerji. E. P. Dutton & Co. We hail with pleasure the appearance on the best-selling list of this capable and temperate answer to "Mother India" and commend it to all those who read that trouble-making book.

Strong Meat

ART for art's sake, that clarion call which rings so bravely, but which produces a pretty lot of reedy and fluttering echoes, is in bad odor. You may announce art for money's sake and be acclaimed as frank and hard-boiled, or you may hazard art for humanity's sake and be accepted as fanatic but undoubtedly sincere. If you are a writer, you may sometimes write with a fine moral purpose and still, happily, make a living out of it. And if the moral purpose is sensational stuff, you probably will. Wilbur Daniel Steele, after much successful short-story writing, has produced in "Meat" (see list) a remarkably vigorous moral tract dressed as a novel. As a tract it is so absorbing and so exciting that this reviewer, having read it through last night, has not the slightest idea if it is or is not "art." Steele's method of writing is well suited to such an exposition. His style is pruned as bare of blurring green and lacy twigs as a spring vine, and is as full of strong sap. His story carries the thesis boldly. Sam and Anne India are a brave, open-eyed pair, full of the wholesome joy of life, preaching the world as a place for well people to live in and practicing it. They have a boy, Flagg, and an adopted girl, Fern, fearless, happy children. Then Rex is born. Anne has known his kind before in her family, has been celebrating, in fact, the death of a cousin whose life was a slough of drunkenness and sexual frenzies. Rex is delicate, an unstable hysteric. Anne turns her soul upside down and lives only to keep from Rex the things that might hurt him. Sam, Flagg, and Fern go by the board. Fern goes first, lest Rex develop a consciousness of sex. The sordid scene of her going shocks Flagg and Fern with the sense of uncleanness. Then Flagg goes. Sam owns a fine old cellar and fights hard to keep in his healthy son a fearless manly attitude toward liquor. But Anne wins. She denounces the sober Sam for giving Flagg an experimental drink, throws the cellar key away, and drives Flagg, who has knocked down his hitherto tenderly protected brother, into running away. He becomes a roustabout, drinking hard. Fern grows into a bitter spinster, fond of women, finding a



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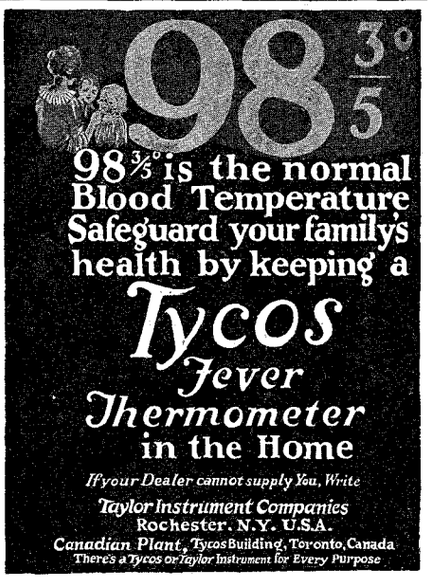
by T. E. Lawrence
200th Thousand
$3.00 ill. *Doubleday, Doran*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sickening secret delight in denouncing street "mashers." So far, so good. Plot moves, characters remain static. Sam, Anne, Flagg, and Fern are like people disguised by a Satanic master in make-up. A fortuitous accident unmasks them. Rex, who has found the wine-cellar key, and indulged himself in promoting and watching the saturnalian orgies of the village boys and girls, is killed. Fern and Flagg come home. Anne has a cleansing illness. Sam gets back wife, children, and cellar.

This is all possible, probable even; very shocking, if not wholly convincing. Prohibitions are dangerous. They break and bruise human lives. Mankind staggers under the burden of its unfit. Unless its weak links are discarded the chain cannot be strong. "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh, . . . lest I make my brother to offend," Paul said it, along with lots of other things which make work for preachers. That Wilbur Daniel Steele is a novelist, we are not quite sure. But no one reading "Meat" can doubt that he is a tense and powerful preacher.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Adventure—E. by N. E.

By MILTON BYRON

"Men Are Like That," by **Leonard Ramsden Hartill.** The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"The Transplanting," from the Letters of **Marie Balascheff,** by **Martha Genung Stearns.** The Macmillan Company.

"The Legion of the Damned," by **Bennett J. Doty.** The Century Company.

"Tigers, Gold, and Witch Doctors, by **Bassett Digby.** Harcourt, Brace & Co.

One of the most fascinating and little-known corners of the world is centered around Constantinople and the Near East. Possessing much of the flavor of the Far East, almost untouched by Western civilization, and constantly ravaged by wars of religious and political dissension, this little part of the globe sits smugly back—quite sufficient unto itself.

These four adventure-biographies deal with Russia, Siberia, and the Near East and are full of the glamour of these exotic countries. The first two have to do mainly with the Russian Revolution and the situation of the refugees in the Near East, while "The Legion of the Damned" tells of the activities of the French Foreign Legion in Syria, and the last is the story of the author's travels through northern Russia and Silberia into Mongolia.

"Men Are Like That" is the story of Ohanus Appressian, an Armenian boy, who, contrary to his father's ambition for him to become an officer, goes to an agricultural college and is later conscripted into the Russian army as a

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common private. His period of training was hardly over when the World War broke out, and he was detailed to espionage duty because of his education and linguistic ability. Due to his discovery of a Polish woman spy, whom he betrays in spite of his love for her, he is given a commission almost simultaneously with the outbreak of the Revolution. He then joins forces with Kerensky against the Bolshevists, and is captured and narrowly escapes death. He finally manages, after much hardship, to reach his home, where he finds the Armenians have decided to take advantage of the unrest in Russia to obtain their own freedom. So he takes command of an Armenian force against the Turks, and is again captured and nearly killed. Once again he escapes, only to be recaptured by the Bolshevists who have gained control in Armenia. When things are finally settled, he takes a job doing some agricultural work for a nominal salary, on which he is obliged to support himself, his wife, and a small child born while he was in prison. The author of the present volume was his employer at that time, and it was to him that he told this story.

Although it abounds with cruelty, bloodshed, and abject misery, it does serve to give an accurate description of the conditions at that time and the bravery and fortitude with which the people faced them. It is a bit involved, and rather difficult to keep in mind who has the temporary ascendency from one moment to the next; but, on the whole, it is a stirring story of bestiality and of beauty, for, in the words of the author, "men are like that."

Through the medium of Marie Balascheff's letters, written without any idea of publication, one gets a sense of the terrible drama of the Russian refugees and their struggles for existence. She tells intimately of her early life in Washington, D. C., with her father, Prince Cantacuzene, the then Russian Minister to the United States, and later, of her life in Russia prior to the Revolution.

The latter half of the book is devoted to her struggles and hardships when the Red army drove her from her home until the time she found temporary refuge for herself and five children in Constantinople. She writes with vivid beauty of the horror and terror spread by the Red régime and of the anguish of her people. Eventually, she escaped to France, where she is trying to eke out an existence for herself and family by raising ducks.

It is a book that will have a special appeal to women, although her description of the Revolution as seen through the eyes of a woman and non-combatant serves as an excellent complement to Mr. Hartill's work.

Then in "The Legion of the Damned" we have the real French Foreign Legion—pure and unadulterated. And, deprived of all the usual "hokum," it still retains all the glamour and romance attributed to it by popular novelists. Following the advice of his colonel, who said, "I know you are going to write about the Legion. Well, write. But tell the truth. We are hard, but we are just," Mr. Doty has done just that.

After completing college, and with a good World War record to his credit, he felt uneasy, and decided to join the Foreign Legion and take a crack at the Riffs. As it happened, he was detailed to Syria, where he took part in quelling a Druse uprising and saw service during some of the worst fighting the Legion had ever known.

Since the venture was more or less in the nature of a lark to him, and as he had in mind writing of his experiences, he reacted in a thoroughly naïve and unprejudiced way. Unlike his comrades, he saw the Druses, not as an enemy to be killed off as quickly as possible, but as human beings somewhat different from himself, and therefore intensely interesting. However, his time was not

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confined to speculations and day-dreaming. He fought, and fought hard—and liked it, and incidentally was awarded the much-coveted Croix de Guerre.

Later, however, when the fighting stopped and the future presented itself to him in the light of road building and other duties outside the routine of war, he deserted, and was sentenced to eight years in prison. Through political influence, his sentence was eventually revoked, but not until he had served sixteen months of vividly described life in military and civil prisons. This book presents in a straightforward way, and without personal glory, the real Foreign Legion as well as the Mohammedan Druses as seen through the eyes of an unbiased American on a glorious spree.

The title of "Tigers, Gold, and Witch Doctors" gives some idea of the variety of subjects that Bassett Digby, F.R.G.S., brings to your attention, and the book fulfills its promise and a good deal more.

The author is one of the very few white men who have traversed the wastes of northern Siberia and lived to tell the tale. Traveling leisurely, and being of a constructively inquisitive turn of mind and a variety of interests, he has made the most of things and presents them in such a way as to make them interesting to every one. The contents of this book are so wide in scope that it is perfectly safe to say that no one could read it without finding something of interest to him. Indeed, this is carried to such an extent that it becomes almost a fault. There is a little of everything; too much of some things, and not quite enough of others.

Mr. Digby has a delightful sense of humor which is nicely woven into his narrative, and although at times he seems to have a slight leaning towards statistics and other superfluous matter, he seems to get a hold on himself shortly, realize he is writing for the layman, and pass on to his next subject. His travels include, not only northern Russia and Siberia, but extend over into China and give practically the only authentic accounts we have of these people and their mode of living. The text is illustrated with copious, well-chosen snap-shots taken by the author.

THE editor of this department will be glad to help readers with advice and suggestions in buying current books, whether noticed in these pages or not. If you wish guidance in selecting books for yourself or to give away, we shall do the best we can for you if you will write us, giving some suggestions, preferably with examples, of the taste which is to be satisfied. We shall confine ourselves to books published within the last year or so, so that you will have no trouble in buying them through your own bookshop.

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Is Coal Committing Suicide?

(Continued from page 417)

gives greater uniformity of temperature. Depending upon the nature of the industry, this may be a matter of supreme importance. The oil furnace also adjusts rapidly to changing loads; steam pressure can be raised very quickly, and there is no loss due to banking fires.

On the steam-railway lines the absence of cinders is important, and liquid fuel is easier to transport and store. A considerable proportion of all the freight handled by any trunk-line railway is its own fuel.

At sea coal is losing even more battles than on land. Not many years ago virtually every steamship burned coal; but in 1926 Lloyd's Register reported that for every four coal-burning ships being constructed there were three being equipped with Diesel engines. These are internal-combustion engines—like those in automobiles—with the difference that they use heavy, cheap fuel oil instead of gasoline. In 1927 it was claimed for Diesel construction that for every coal-burning ship being constructed there were nine ships being built to use Diesel engines. At the same time still more ships were being equipped to burn fuel oil under furnaces. Naval vessels of the newer types are virtually all oil-burners. Some years ago questions were often raised about the future world supply of oil in view of the rapid extension of its use, but now that issue is rarely mentioned. Instead of a world shortage, the oil industry is continually upset by oversupply. It is an accepted fact that the known reserve supplies of petroleum in proved but undeveloped fields are almost beyond computation. And only a small part of the world has been prospected for oil. Prices do not, therefore, tend to rise. At the present time, in spite of the enormous increase in the number of automobiles in use every year, prices are still depressed by oversupply.

THE contrast with coal is impressive. Not only does the industry harass its customers with continuous uncertainty, but prices tend to rise. On the whole, I think, it is by no means a sensational statement to say that coal is committing suicide. That, of course, doesn't mean that coal will cease to be a fuel next year, or even ten years hence. No industry so colossal can kill itself in a short time. Its death—if death is to be its fate—would be comparable to the passing of the Roman Empire, which, you may recall, took a long time to die.

But the coal industry really ought not to die. There is still so much of this fuel, and it is so widely distributed over the face of the globe, that it ought to recover and enjoy prosperity for many years. There are two ways in which it can do this: One is to face the situation frankly, admit its wretched record, organize in vast units that can stabilize production, and then sell service as well as fuel; the other is to go on its present course until it becomes a bankrupt nuisance for sale at almost any price. Then it will change hands; some other industry will take it over and operate it as a subsidiary. Almost beyond question that would be the electrical industry, which is now one of the most efficiently organized this old world has ever seen. As a matter of fact, I believe it is actually the best-organized industry on earth. There is no reason why it couldn't do for coal what it has done for itself. The electrical industry was conceived in the minds of inventors; it has nothing but brains as an asset. What the coal industry needs more than anything else is some of that same asset.

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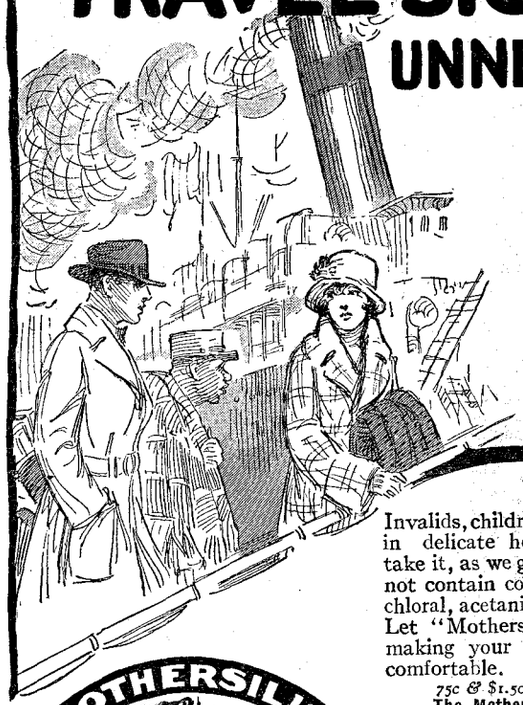

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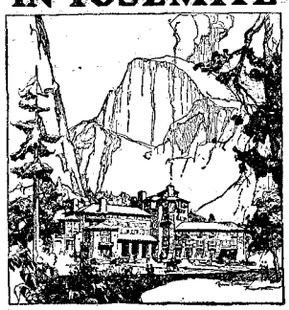

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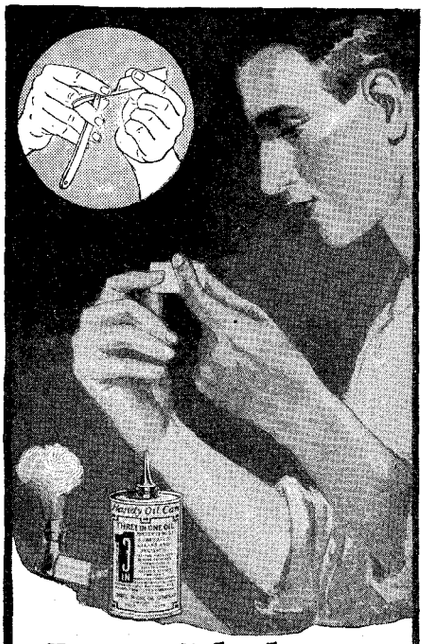

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Are Americans Hyphenated?

(Continued from page 419)

sentatives of the alien group. Ten times the attention is paid to one alien that is paid to one American. "I realize," a lawyer wrote to his United States Senator, "that the opinion of myself and my friends is subject to a serious disqualification. We are all the children of native-born Americans."

IN his "Men of Destiny" Mr. Lippmann declared that much of the strength of Governor Smith comes from the feeling of the newer alien groups that he is representative of a class which has belonged "for seventy-five years to a secondary order of citizenship" and that they believe that he would "lift from them the secret sense of inferiority." I do not know, and doubt whether one in a hundred of the American people know, what Governor Smith's ancestry is or how long his people have been in this country. But if Mr. Lippmann means that the later immigrant stocks have not been recognized in American politics, I can only say that all the evidence is that they have been recognized far more than their numbers warrant.

If the representatives of the later immigrant stock have not yet produced a President, it is simply because they have not yet produced a man who has been a natural figure and has had a native background. Indeed, the very fact that they still think of themselves as a group who should be recognized by a President is the very reason why they should not be recognized, because it is only when they feel that they are not a special group that, paradoxically speaking, they should be recognized. No one paid any attention to the fact that Hughes's father was born in Wales and Wilson's mother was born in England. No point of it was made, because the native stock of British origin does not think in terms of origins. But imagine if Hughes's father had been born in Ireland or Bohemia or Germany or Italy or Poland. We would never have heard the last of it. It would have been shouted from the housetops, and the shouting would have proved a sense of difference on the part of the shouters.

It may be that some of the native stock have been so shocked at the indifference to our past of some of the newer arrivals—their brutal sneers at our traditions, their onslaughts on the Puritans, and their hyphenated propaganda—that in some cases they have reacted too strongly and have made some of the newer comers who are thoroughly loyal and native-minded in their feelings believe that they were included in the resentment. But a certain stubbornness and pride on the part of the native stock is not only desirable but inevitable. I think that if Mr. Van Loon's native country of Holland were invaded by 500,000 French or Italian immigrants, they would find that the native Dutch stock would be somewhat stubborn in clinging to their old customs and ways and traditions, and that they would not relish an insistence on the part of the French or Italians that the French and Italians really won the war against the Duke of Alva and that the Dutch were not really Dutch.

MR. VAN LOON and Mr. Lippmann have really reversed the situation. Instead of the discrimination being against the immigrant stock, it has been in its favor. Instead of the alien groups resenting native arrogance, it is the native stock which has at last resented alien group arrogance. The native stock believed fatuously in the melting-pot. It believed that we are all alike, and persistently favored the immigrants until dire events forced it to see that, although many aliens were one with us, there were great numbers who thought with an alien bias, acted as alien groups in our politics, and cast scorn on our traditions. The native stock has at last reacted against group alienism and insisted that the old traditions and heritage be not forgotten.

Mr. Van Loon is right that "Big Bill-ism" will not die with Big Bill. But it is not because of any fancied arrogance in the old stock. It is because by our mad immigration policy we have added great racial groups who reject our past, who sneer at any part of our past with which they are not identified, who would distort our politics, who would write our school-books to suit their alien group prejudices, and who insist on their recognition as groups and not as Americans. Big Bill has power simply because he treats them as racial groups, and other "Big Bills" will last as long as the racial groups last.

The stubbornness of the native stock in clinging to its traditions is the salvation of the country. Those traditions will slowly be modified by time, but to give them up or to modify them radically would be to destroy the intangible force which unites us. The stubbornness of our racial groups in clinging to their own ways of thought and their own traditions will not be broken up by argument. It can only be broken up by the slow process of time and by preventing new tides of immigration which will feed and maintain our present racial groups.

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HOUSEKEEPER, managing, companion, hostess. Gentlewoman, not servant. Excellent cook, capable, experienced. Highest references. 8,284, Outlook.

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MANAGING housekeeper, American Protestant, capable, long experience in large and smaller households. Unencumbered. Free to go anywhere. 8,311, Outlook.

NURSE, college graduate, wishes position private school in or near New York, 1928-1929. Experienced teacher physiology, hygiene, and outdoor activities. 8,319, Outlook.

SCOTCHWOMAN, well educated, good sewer, experienced housekeeper, wishes position in school—housemother, seamstress, care of linen, etc. Excellent references. 8,307, Outlook.

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LADY traveling semi-vagabond style desires suitable companion. 8,320, Outlook.

Count Hermann Keyserling

(Continued from page 432)

which gift, he informed me, exhausts him.

To another interviewer he made this astonishing statement:

"I am of the new age, but I am not primitive. I am one of the leaders, one who understands the new primitive type and will lead it through to a new age of splendid maturity, of perfection. Lenine and Mussolini are also such leaders. . . . I am quite of this age. Before the war I had nothing to say. Now I am in my element." Questioned about fellow-philosophers, he said: "Bertrand Russell? A brilliant mathematician, but too much the theorist." [*Sic!*] "Havelock Ellis? I know him only from his chapter in my 'Book of Marriage.'"

Having observed the expressions of vanity and egotism in this so-called mystic philosopher, I was not surprised by the publication in the New York "World" of February 24 of a special despatch from Los Angeles to the effect that the Friday Morning Club, "an exclusive women's organization," before which Count Keyserling was to lecture, had received from the Count's agents the following instructions:

That the Count must be met at the station with fitting ceremony and taken to "a private home by some one of high standing in the city who can provide a private bath and a suitable number of attendants."

That the Count prefers mixed gatherings, with younger members of the opposite sex, while males present "should be bright but not too brilliant."

That the Count prefers champagne or red wine, but not "German white wine, which makes the Count indignant."

That he is to be "suitably protected" at the Club, that only two officers of the Club be permitted to address him. [This is ostensibly to shield him from embarrassing questions by amateur philosophers who might beg to differ.]

That the questions which reporters may ask the Count are to conform to a specified outline.

The despatch was published with the hedging qualifications which are supposed to constitute protection against the possibilities of libel. If a club in Los Angeles received such instructions, so also have, and will, other clubs before which the Count is to appear during his tour, which ends some time in the middle of April. The Leigh-Emmerich Bureau, which is managing his lecture tour, refuses to deny having sent a letter of the character described in the "World's" despatch. Also it refuses to affirm. Whether Keyserling demands the deference due to an expropriated nobleman—if not to the philosopher Hermann Keyserling—whether he prefers champagne to German white wine, the society of pretty women to brilliant men, whether he requires protection from the questioning of hostile persons, I cannot of my own knowledge say, but I can say that the Keyserling which such a letter would advertise accords with that part of his nature which Keyserling has revealed.

I can well believe that Count Keyserling would seek to be protected against the questioning of those who differ. The inclusion of that condition gives credibility to the despatch in full, for not only did Keyserling show in his attitude towards me that he was abnormally sensitive to skepticism, but he said: "If an enemy is living his own truth, I would find it impossible to convert him—I would not try. A philosopher never opens shut doors. Who doesn't seek for himself can't be helped. . . . I never go to the cities of my enemies." Later, in discussing the institution which bears the title of the School of Wisdom and which has no other light of leading than the Count, he said: "Wherever I go there is the School of Wisdom. Nobody comes to Darmstadt who is not worth seeing. I don't let fools bother me." And by an unconscious transposition, those who differ with a philosopher can become fools to that philosopher.

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